

# THE PRESENT AGE.

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Any union or system that cannot tolerate freedom of opinion, has on it the seal of decomposition. — Jamieson.

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Whole No. 191.

WHERE THE SHADOW FALLETH NEVER.

BY ANNA HERBERT.

An ancient poet says of the following:  
It is perfect of its kind. It is not like  
any poem of the same length she ever  
wrote. James G. Clark, the composer and  
arranger, has set the poem to exquisite mu-  
sic. It has in it the grace and sweetness  
of the "Summer Sea."  
Published as song and duet by Lee &  
Walker, 922 Chestnut street, Philadelphia,  
and for sale at music stores.

Along the silver summer sea,  
We saw the white sails drifting,  
And sunset glories silently  
Their golden heights were lifting,  
My love sang low, as sank the glow  
Across the homeward river:  
The day may die, but you and I  
Will live and love forever.

We shall live and love forever,  
Where the shadow falleth never;  
The song may die, but you and I  
Will live and love forever.

For the Present Age.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE IMPENDING  
REVOLUTION.

BY H. STRAUSS.

In a previous article it was seen  
that all forms of oppression defend  
themselves by an appeal to divine reve-  
lation. Doubtless the real origin of  
oppression was in the undeveloped  
state of the race in its infancy, when  
the animal propensities predomi-  
nated over the moral. In that state it  
was natural that might and not right  
should become the governing power.  
To physical might was soon added  
the sanction of *divine right*, for we  
and all the early lawgivers claiming  
the sanction of the Gods for their in-  
stitutions. Moses received the law  
from Jehovah on Mount Sinai; Numa  
received the institutions of Rome  
from a nymph in the grove of Egeria;  
Minos received the laws of Crete from  
Jupiter in a cave; Lycurgus obtained  
the sanction of Apollo for his Spar-  
tan institutions, and Solon prepared  
the minds of the Athenians for his  
laws by the divine ministrations of  
Epimenides.

That these lawgivers were good  
men, and benefactors of their race,  
cannot be denied, and that some or  
all of them were assisted by real  
spiritual agencies is highly probable;  
but that they exaggerated these  
spiritual claims in order more easily  
to govern the superstitious masses is  
evidently true. These divine sanc-  
tions, in after ages, became, in the  
hands of unprincipled men, a power-  
ful instrument for every conceivable  
form of oppression. Consequently  
every effort to extend freedom and  
justice among the people must begin  
by curtailing the divine right of the  
law.

Before Luther and his co-laborers  
could establish the right of private  
judgment, they had to demolish the  
divine authority of Popes and Coun-  
cils; before the Americans could estab-  
lish a republic, they had to de-  
stroy the divine right of kings;  
before the French could estab-  
lish the reign of equality and  
reason, they had to destroy the di-  
vine right of the nobility and the  
priesthood. And so, at the present  
time, before we can establish justice  
among the people, we must destroy  
the divine right of millionaires; and  
before we can procure social and  
political equality for woman we  
must destroy the divine right of man  
to rule over her. In short, to de-  
stroy all the various forms of oppres-  
sion or divine favoritism, we must  
destroy their source—the divine au-  
thority of real or supposed revela-  
tions. Hence it is that most of the  
best reformers are liberalists or  
deists in religion, and that the  
greatest opposition to reform comes  
from orthodoxy, or belief in the  
divine authority of the Bible.

Hitherto the tendency has been  
toward the extreme of orthodoxy to  
the extreme of skepticism. This was nat-  
ural. All the evidences that the  
people had of a future state were  
found in the Bible, and when the  
philosophers had undermined its au-  
thority, a corresponding skepticism in  
immortality was the natural result.  
But this extreme form of skepticism  
because the principal objection to

the spread of liberal principles, be-  
cause the human mind recoils with  
horror from the idea of its own an-  
nihilation. Annihilation cannot be-  
come the permanent faith of man-  
kind; consequently there has always  
been a re-action in favor of the Bi-  
ble. Even Danton confessed to a  
Catholic priest, and Robespierre,  
in his last speech, a few days before  
his death, exclaimed:

"No! Chanteau, no! Death is  
not an eternal sleep! Citizens, efface  
from the tombs this maxim, engrav-  
ed by sacrilegious hands, which  
throws a funeral crape over nature,  
which discourages oppressed inno-  
cence, and insults death. Write there  
rather this—death is the commence-  
ment of immortality."

So long as the church monopolized  
all the evidences of immortality it  
had the decided advantage in its  
struggle against science, free thought  
and free institutions. But the turn-  
ing point came at last. A strange  
rap indicating intelligence, an-  
nounced its origin from the spirit  
world! The churchman and the  
skeptic listened for a moment with  
astonishment. The great fact was soon  
acknowledged. The church grew  
jealous and anathematized the usur-  
per from the skies. Science, hither-  
to confined by the church to the ma-  
terial side of nature, broke her chains  
and seized the spirit world as the  
largest portion of her legitimate em-  
pire.

The church is losing the last claim  
she had on the affections of the peo-  
ple, and is now preparing to gain by  
strategy and the civil arm what she  
can no longer hold by the potent  
spell of divine right. It follows that  
Spiritualists must lead the van in the  
great army of progress, and never, in  
the history of the race, was a greater  
trust committed to a people. And  
should they prove false to their trust,  
the church will steal a march on hu-  
manity that may cause ages of woe  
to our suffering race.

It is with sincere regret, then, that  
we are compelled to witness the fierce  
dissension arising among Spiritual-  
ists. That all should not see every-  
thing in the same light is to be ex-  
pected, and that some should not  
see proper to carry the Harmonial  
Philosophy into all the reforms of  
the present day, is also to be ex-  
pected. But it does not follow that we  
should indulge in acrimonious, vul-  
gar epithets, fierce personalities  
and violent denunciations. We  
should leave gladiatorial combats to  
Pagans and Christians, and illustrate  
in our lives the broad charity, the  
fraternal sentiment and the dispas-  
sionate reason that we advocate in  
our philosophy. "See how these  
Christians love one another" was  
said in commendation of early Chris-  
tianity. Shall the remark, "See how  
these Spiritualists worry and defame  
each other," prove the most deadly  
weapon in the hands of our vigilant  
foes?

On the other hand, we should not  
stifle conviction, or suppress agita-  
tion. We who have arraigned the  
past and the present at the judgment  
bar of common sense and enlight-  
ened reason, should not fail to bring  
the ideas and schemes that arise  
among us to the same impartial tri-  
bunal. An honest criticism should  
not only be tolerated, but freely  
granted, and impartially exercised.  
It is when criticism descends to the  
level of vulgar politicians and bigot-  
ed priests that we should object. We  
should examine and criticize plans,  
ideas and principles, but rarely per-  
sons, remembering that it is the most  
difficult thing in the world to fully  
understand another's motives. There  
is no danger from error so long as  
truth is left free to combat it. The  
sun will continue to shine and the  
earth to produce her abundance,  
should Mrs. Woodhull make a blun-  
der, or Mr. Tuttle and Mrs. Britten  
fail fully to comprehend the Impend-  
ing Revolution.

DOWAGIAC, MICH.

Medical degrees were conferred on  
a class of eighty, including six ladies,  
at Ann Arbor, recently. An address  
was delivered by Prof. Alpheus B.  
Crosby, formerly of the University,  
now at Brooklyn. Degrees were con-  
ferred on 142 law graduates, includ-  
ing Miss Harriet A. Patton, of Ann  
Arbor, and an address was delivered  
by President Angell. Large crowds  
were present. The law alumni sup-  
per took place at Cook's hotel, Ann  
Arbor, with a good attendance, and  
toasts, speeches, etc.

SOMNAMBULISM AND DREAMING.

A lady communicates the following  
interesting facts as among the particu-  
lars of her own psychological ex-  
perience. After speaking of a course  
of unwitting physiological inflections  
and medical victimization, by which  
she lost her health and became a  
dyspeptic, she proceeds thus:

It was at this period, when the en-  
feebled organs rejected the most sim-  
ple nourishment, and the morbid  
appetite was more clamorous than  
when in health, that I became quite  
noted for sleep-walking. I would  
get up at night, go softly into the  
pantry, and help myself plentifully  
to all the good things I could find.  
The moment I awoke in the morning,  
I commenced vomiting, and threw  
up things that I knew positively I  
had never swallowed. I, of course,  
had no knowledge of what I did in  
my sleep.

This was a constant practice for  
weeks. My friends became greatly  
alarmed. They thought I was play-  
ing off the grossest deception. What  
else could they think? In vain they  
threatened and entreated. Vain  
were all my protestations of inno-  
cence. The proof of my guilt was  
before us; and yet, in the sincerity  
of my soul, I could say, "In this thing  
I am innocent."

One night, after several weeks of  
painful anxiety, my father, as he lay  
awake, heard a slight noise upon the  
stairs. Getting up to see what it might  
be, he saw me in my night-dress  
stealing along toward the pantry.  
He saw at a glance that I was ut-  
terly unconscious of what I was doing.  
He did not wake me, however,  
but waited to see what I would  
do. I entered the closet and  
made a hearty meal; and he never in  
his life saw a person eat when it  
seemed to do him so much good.  
He said he was very much amused  
to see how much art I used to re-  
move all evidence of my night's work;  
and so effectively did I do this, that  
no one ever suspected it till I was  
caught in the act. Next morn I  
awoke as usual, too sick to raise my  
head from the pillow; and oh how  
thankful was I, when my father en-  
tered my room with a smile, saying  
he could explain the mystery.

For many years after this, on re-  
tiring at night, I had a strong cord  
fastened around me and secured to  
the bed-post in such a way that I  
could not remove it myself. How  
many times I awoke, and found my-  
self tugging with might and main to  
break the restraining cord! If this  
was omitted, I was sure to get up  
and do some kind of mischief. At  
one time I broke all the teeth from a  
valuable hair-comb; another time I  
prepared breakfast, and made the  
coffee, and after arranging everything  
more properly than I could have  
done it when awake, I called the  
family and wept because they did  
not come. This was the last of my  
sleep-walking. I was no longer per-  
mitted to sleep alone.

But now comes the strangest part  
of my story. From that period up  
to the present time, I have very often  
seen in my sleep transactions, that,  
after a few weeks or days, transpired  
exactly in accordance with my dream.  
At one time I dreamed that a hor-  
rible disease had prostrated one of  
our neighbors—a lady who was then  
in good health. I saw in my sleep  
the doctor's horse stand at the gate,  
saw the lady die, and heard my sisters  
express their fears of taking the dis-  
ease if they went to dress the corpse.  
But I thought they did go, and that  
one of them caught the disease; I  
saw her in a dark room, her whole  
person covered with a loathsome  
eruption; I saw her get better, go to  
the door and take cold. Then one  
and another of our family came down  
with the same terrible disease, until  
we were all sick together. The neigh-  
bors stood aloof, for fear of the con-  
tagion; and we were left almost alone  
in our affliction.

Such was the dream; I related it  
in the morning, but thought no more  
of it. Two weeks passed by, and the  
same lady was taken sick with  
measles in its most malignant and  
contagious form. The neighbors all  
fled from the house in terror, except  
my two sisters. The lady died; and  
then I heard again the same remarks  
about dressing the corpse, that I heard  
in my sleep. I spoke of it at the  
time as a strange coincidence, and  
one of them said she wondered if the  
rest would come true also. Suffice  
it to say, it did, even to the most  
trifling particular. My sister took

the disease and was very sick. Re-  
covering, she went to the door and  
took cold. The same day she was  
exposed to the small pox, and again  
she was brought to the very brink of  
the grave. We all took the disease  
from her, and were all sick togeth-  
er.

Another time I was away from home,  
and I dreamed that an invalid sister  
was sick and dying. I saw her laid  
out after death in my sleep, and wit-  
nessed a post-mortem examination.  
The body before burial, and the  
grave, after the funeral, were closely  
watched, lest the corpse should be  
stolen by medical students. This,  
and other circumstances, too nume-  
rous to mention, I saw in my dream.  
The very next day the news came  
that my sister was dead! And not  
only so, but everything transpired  
just as I saw it in sleep.

A few days since we engaged a  
girl to do our housework. The next  
night I dreamed that she was sick  
and could not come. But I saw an-  
other doing the work, whom we  
called Lizzy. Next morning I told  
my sisters that Miss C. would not  
come to us—that sickness would pre-  
vent. They did not believe me, of  
course, until a note came, saying  
she had a severe cold and could not  
come. But we have now another  
girl, and her name is Lizzy.

THE GODS OF ANTIQUITY.

When our friend Underwood was  
last in Boston, he read at his lecture  
the following eloquent extract from  
Col. R. G. Ingersoll's late oration on  
"The God":

In that vast cemetery, called the  
past, are most of the religions of  
men, and there, too, are nearly all  
their gods. The sacred temples of  
India were ruins long ago. Over  
column and cornice, over the paint-  
ed and gilded walls, climbing and creep-  
ing the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden,  
with four heads, and four arms;  
Vishnu, the sombre, the punisher of  
the wicked, with his three eyes, his  
crescent, and his necklace of skulls;  
Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of  
blood; Kali, the goddess, Draupadi,  
the white-armed, and Krishna, the  
Christ, all passed away and left the  
throne of heaven desolate. Along  
the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no  
longer wandering weeps, searching  
for the dead Osiris. The shadow of  
Typhon's scowl falls no more upon  
the waves. The sun rises as of yore,  
and his golden beams still smite the  
lips of Memnon, but Memnon is as  
voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred  
fanes are lost in desert sands; the  
dusty mummies are still waiting for  
the resurrection promised for their  
priests, and the old beliefs, wrought  
in curiously sculptured stone, sleep  
in the mystery of a language lost and  
dead. Odin, the author of life and  
soul, Vili, and Ve, and the mighty  
giant Ymir, strode long ago from the  
icy halls of the North; and Thor,  
with iron glove and glittering ham-  
mer, dashes mountains to the earth  
no more. Broken are the circles,  
and crumblings of the ancient Druids;  
fallen upon the summits of the hills,  
and covered with the centuries' moss,  
are the sacred cairns. The divine  
fires of Persia and of the Aztecs,  
have died out in the ashes of the  
past, and there is none to rekindle,  
and none to feed the holy flames. The  
harp of Orpheus is still; the drained  
cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside;  
Venus lies dead in stone, and her  
white bosom heaves no more in love.  
The streams still murmur, but no  
maids bathe; the trees still wave,  
but in the forest aisles no dryads  
dance. The gods have flown from  
high Olympus. Not even the beauti-  
ful women can lure them back, and  
even Danaë lies unnoticed, naked to  
the stars. Hushed forever are the  
thunders of Sinai; lost are the voices of  
the prophets, and the land, once flow-  
ing with milk and honey, is but a  
desert waste. One by one, the myths  
have faded from the clouds; one  
by one, the phantom host has  
disappeared, and one by one, facts,  
truths and realities have taken  
their places. The supernatural has  
almost gone, but the natural remains.  
The gods have fled, but man is here.

"Nations, like individuals, have  
their periods of youth, of manhood  
and decay." Religions are the same.  
The same inexorable destiny awaits  
them all. The gods, created by the  
nations, must perish with their cre-  
ators. They were created by men, and  
like men, they must pass away. The  
deities of one age are the by-words  
of the next. The religion of our day,

and country, is no more exempt from  
the sneer of the future than the  
others have been. When India was  
supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's  
throne. When the sceptre passed to  
Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the  
homage of mankind. Greece, with  
her fierce valor, swept to empire, and  
Jove put on the purple of authority.  
The earth trembled with the tread of  
Rome's intrepid sons, and Jupiter  
grasped with mailed hand the thun-  
derbolts of Heaven. Rome fell, and  
Christians from her territory, with  
the red sword of war carved out the  
ruling nations of the world, and now,  
Christ sits upon the old throne. Who  
will be his successor?

Day by day, religious conceptions  
grow less and less intense. Day by  
day, the old spirit dies out of book  
and creed. The burning enthusiasm,  
the quenchless zeal of the early  
church have gone, never, never to re-  
turn. The ceremonies remain, but  
the ancient faith is fading out of the  
human heart. The worn-out argu-  
ments fail to convince, and denuncia-  
tions that once blanched the faces  
of a race, excite in us only derision  
and disgust. As time rolls on the  
miracles grow mean and small, and  
the evidences our fathers thought  
conclusive, utterly fail to satisfy us.  
There is an "irrepressible conflict"  
between religion and science, and  
they cannot peacefully occupy the  
same brain nor the same world.

At a meeting of the Methodist  
Book Committee at New York yester-  
day the expert appointed to ex-  
amine the account of the Book Con-  
cern made a report, which it is stat-  
ed, tends to bear out the allega-  
tions of fraud in the bindery depart-  
ment.

Does the text "by their fruits ye  
shall know them," apply to the case?  
To shirk investigation and punish  
those who demand it is the cause  
both of orthodox politicians and of  
orthodox religionists. People who  
believe in cheating the devil out of  
what belongs to him and who are to  
receive a heaven to which they say  
they are not entitled, may naturally  
gravitate to smaller frauds.

A. C.

If ever there was a religion going  
to decay and ruin it is Buddhism in  
Japan. The temples and shrines are  
being deserted. The number of  
priests has decreased nearly one-  
third within five years. Geog and  
Chien are sapping its foundations.  
Sintoism—a cultured and intellec-  
tual atheism, with which Buddhism  
has blended for the sake of gratifying  
the Japanese, is in a transient flush  
of power. No one can move among  
the young men of Japan without  
feeling that he moves among forecast  
shadows of coming events.—*Christian Weekly*.

Baltimore Correspondence.

BY MISS ELLEN M. HARRIS.

SPIRITUALISM IN BALTIMORE.

The two progressive lyceums con-  
tinue to meet every Sunday at Ly-  
ceum Hall and Lyric Hall respectively.  
Lectures are still continued on Sunday  
evening at Lyceum Hall, Mrs. Rachel  
Walcott having been for some time  
back the speaker. Of this lady  
mention has already been made.  
Her power of spiritual insight is re-  
markable, and only needs a broader  
range of experience and cultivation  
to make it widely recognized as the  
means of incalculable blessing. We  
subjoin an abstract of one of her dis-  
courses. Having solicited a subject  
from the audience, and the choice  
being referred back to herself, she  
based her subsequent remarks upon  
a clairvoyant vision, described as it  
was seen at that moment, and given  
below as nearly as possible in her own  
words.

FRIENDS, your being assembled  
here to-night presents to the spiritual  
eye a beautiful scene. From each  
one of you arise visible magnetic  
emanations, which flow out and ag-  
gregate near the center of this  
room. These emanations are com-  
posed, like your natures, of a variety  
of elements, and associated together  
present somewhat the appearance of  
a vapory cloud. Upon this cloud  
the brightness of attendant angels  
throws its rays, producing an atmos-  
phere, so to speak, of the most bril-  
liant colors, continually varying, with  
brilliant coronations, with the ever  
changing position of the elements

that comprise it. These magnetic  
elements and the changes that per-  
tain to them, shall be the subject of  
this evening's remarks.

Why do these different emanations  
arise and converge to one spot? Be-  
cause in this instance your thoughts  
are tending, for the most part, in one  
direction, and the thought gives the  
impulse to the magnetism which each  
individual is continually throwing  
off, hence the centering in one com-  
mon point. The variations in the  
colors is due to the variety of ele-  
ments in the magnetism derived from  
natures differing each from each,  
and every one at the same time com-  
plex in itself. The variety of motion,  
even in the present tendency of the  
emanations to a common center, is  
attributable to the same cause. To  
this atmosphere certain spirits are  
attracted, and each throwing out  
thought and magnetism peculiar to  
itself.

Hence it is that by association, by  
thus meeting together, you elevate  
yourselves, assist each other, and  
the more readily enable your spirit  
guardians to help you up the steep  
of progress. But first, be you each  
one a center in yourself, the main  
battery whence is generated the force  
that impels you specially, and this,  
united with the forces of your friends  
human and spirit, forms a stronger  
battery. So unite your forces and be  
strengthened spiritually, for as spiri-  
tual nature advances it wields a mighty  
influence over all the conditions  
of physical life. You recognize the  
advantages of uniting for mutual  
benefit in your material life; of not  
less importance to the spiritual life  
is the intermingling and interchange  
of your spiritual forces. When em-  
anations are attracted from you to  
another, be assured you have an-  
swered a want in that nature, and  
will receive back something to com-  
pensate a lack in yours. No individual  
can live a healthy life without this  
interchange of magnetic elements.

God never designed man to live the  
life of a hermit. Why is it that you  
assemble yourselves together for any  
purpose? why organize churches,  
societies, institutions, associations of  
any sort? Because there is a natu-  
ral pleasure in human intercourse,  
born of an instinct of mutual depen-  
dence—a feeling common to us all  
that no one human, be he ever so  
superior, possesses all of strength,  
power, wisdom, goodness. The law  
of nature declares that we must have  
association to answer this inner long-  
ing to give of ourselves to others and  
receive back from others what we  
have not.

One point more: According to  
the nature of the magnetic emanations  
that you give out, are those  
which you receive. Send off that  
which is pure and fine, and you will  
be recompensed in kind. You may  
reach the law of any condition in  
your earthly lifetime, if your nature is  
developed to receive that condition.  
If you see only the dark side of hu-  
manity it is because you have turned  
your back to the beautiful. Look  
upward, look heavenward, if you  
would have a halo of light encircling  
you every moment. Let your aspira-  
tions reach out like a plant to the  
sunlight, and you will feel the roots  
of truth strike deeper and yet deeper  
in your being, till your soul blossoms  
into the fruitage of true manhood  
or womanhood. And you whose  
souls can reach out thus when cased  
in mortal frame, for what may you  
not hope when arrived at last in  
robes of immortality!

Onward ever and upward  
Still let your soul aspire,  
And in obedience to God's will,  
You'll attain your heart's desire.

BALTIMORE ITEMS.

MRS. NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD ad-  
dressed the Spiritualists assembled at  
Lyceum Hall, Sunday evening, May  
12th. She is engaged by the Lyce-  
um Hall Society to speak here during  
the Sundays of June. She is an ad-  
mirable test medium, and gives in-  
stances of her gift in this particular  
at the close of each lecture.

It is noticeable that the example  
of Spiritualists in abolishing somber  
black badges of mourning at the doors  
of their houses as significant of a  
death, and the substitution of the  
more cheerful and hopeful symbolic  
white, is being followed by many who  
profess the rigid doctrines of Chris-  
tianity, and will ultimately, it is prob-  
able, come into general use.

For the Present Age.  
A GLIMPSE OF SUMMER LAND.  
BY MISS ELEANOR M. FIERCE.

The stars looked down from the azure sky,  
Afloat in the twilight gray,  
And the crescent moon was sailing high  
At the close of a summer day—  
When the lily had folded her weary lids,  
And the wind its vesper sang;  
In echoes soft that came at her bid,  
At the hour when church bells rang;

Touched by the withering hand of Time,  
My frame seemed wasting away,  
Pensive thoughts mingling with evening  
chime,

Soothing my shadowy stay,—  
As my soul seemed gliding down life's  
stream,  
Thrilled with its ebb and flow,  
The quivering light of a heavenly beam,  
Kissed mine eyes with radiant glow.

And I saw a forest deep and dense,  
Forming one arch of green,  
Where the trill of song birds charmed my  
sense

Mid boughs of glimmering sheen,  
And a silvery stream winding in and out,  
Through forest and glen like a vision;  
While sunbeams mellow, trembled about  
O'er glowing fields elysian.

Past the woodland's fair and the cities dim,  
Seemed a gay and moving throng,  
And the glories of life each strove to win,  
As they were journeying along,  
While some were clad in the ancient garb  
Of a hundred years ago,  
And dotting hearts with quivering barb,  
Beamed love from eyes aglow.

As a child unfolded her drowsy eyes  
Fanned by the zephyr's wing—  
Her young face fair as the morning skies  
As she lay in the crystal spring;  
Her voice as she spoke was soft and sweet  
As the lay of the silvery stream,  
And she prattled on in her childish way,  
Of errands of love—her theme.

An emblem of purity sweet and fair,  
A language and power that be,  
Entwining love's tendrils rich and rare  
Round human hearts tenderly,  
Like sunshine over a darkened cave,  
Are charms of the shaded eve;  
Still the tide of the human wave,  
When the day's last glories leave.

As twin-born sisters approaching in space  
I beheld a courtly train  
Borne diamond far as the eye could trace,  
Away o'er the breezeless main,  
And glittering crowns of emeralds bright  
Rested on each fair brow,  
While gossamer robes of blue and white,  
Fell round them with billowy flow.

And as the sweetness of bugle strains  
Led onward the mighty band,  
In chorus united their glad refrains,  
Wafted from summer land:  
As I gazed in awe on this scene sublime,  
My spirit longed to be free,  
To bask in the glow of a purer clime,  
Away o'er the waveless sea.

WAKEGAN, ILL.

REVIEW OF A SERMON DELIVERED BY  
THE REV. MR. BALDWIN, AT MUSKE-  
GAN, MICH.

BY IRA PORTER.

Text: Ephesians III. 17th, 18th and 19th  
verses. "That Christ may dwell in your  
hearts by faith, that ye being rooted and  
grounded in love, may be able to com-  
prehend, with all saints, what is the breadth  
and length, and depth, and height; and to  
know the love of Christ which passeth  
knowledge, that ye might be filled with all  
the fulness of God."

His reverence, who has good edu-  
cation and something more than an  
average of natural talent, started out  
with the proposition that the phrase  
"to know the love of Christ which passeth  
knowledge," was a contradic-  
tion in terms, instead of a revelation,  
except to a converted man. In dwell-  
ing upon this thought he showed  
clearly what infidels have been for  
years affirming, that God himself  
cannot make a revelation of truth,  
which needs words for its expression.  
Nearly one hundred years ago, Thom-  
as Paine, one of the greatest and best  
men the world has known, treating  
upon revelation, expressed what the  
reverend divine implied in the follow-  
ing words:

The continual progressive change to  
which the meaning of words is subject, the  
want of a universal language which makes  
translation necessary, the errors to which  
translations are subject, the mistakes of  
copyists and printers, together with the  
possibility of wilful alterations, are of  
themselves evidences that human language,  
whether in speech or in print, cannot be  
the vehicle of the word of God. The word  
of God exists in something else.

The prominent idea of the dis-  
course was the breadth, length, depth  
and height of the love of Christ.  
Comparing it to a cube, he made it  
broad as the human family, embrac-  
ing every continent and island of  
earth, every race and color of the  
human family—so deep that it de-  
scended to the lowest strata of human  
ignorance and vice, reaching down,  
down, past Mary Magdalen to the

deepest sinks of prostitution and de-  
bauchery, and upward to the rapt  
seraphs who dwell in the presence of  
the great white throne and of Him  
who sits thereon; that its length ex-  
tended to that endless period which  
can be measured only by our immor-  
tality.

Had he attributed the same love to  
God which he ascribed to Christ, he  
would have made the universal salva-  
tion of every son and daughter of  
the human family a necessity. He  
carefully avoided such a heresy, and  
said nothing to mar the creed, which,  
as a Methodist minister, he was paid  
to maintain. It was Christ, not God,  
that thus loved sinners. God was  
intent on justice; Christ on mercy.  
God demands the pound of flesh;  
Christ would waive the penalty. Christ  
is willing to be murdered, and by  
"wicked hands crucified and slain"  
rather than have the whole human  
race eternally damned for Adam's and  
Eve's peccadilloes in the garden of  
Eden. Christ intercedes for the of-  
fenders; God relaxes his severity to-  
ward Adam, and his posterity accepts  
the proposed plan that his Son shall  
be born of woman, be cradled in a  
manger, grow up to manhood and  
practice the carpenter trade in obscu-  
rity, be crucified by the hands of  
vindictive prejudice for no crime, and  
thus divine vengeance should be ap-  
peared toward those who understood  
the plan, believed in it, and were  
baptized, but toward no other. All  
those who disbelieve either the history  
or the efficacy of the murder are  
left to be eternally damned, as if no  
murder had been committed.

The popular doctrine makes God  
the Father, the Judge; God the Son  
the gratuitous Advocate with the  
Father. God the Father as judge is  
supposed to have had the world al-  
ready arraigned, tried, convicted and  
brought into court to receive a final  
sentence of endless damnation. God  
the Son, without solicitation of the  
convicted culprit, without fee or re-  
ward, presents himself as his advo-  
cate, and moves for an arrest of judg-  
ment. To obtain for the culprit the  
mitigation of a sentence which he  
seeks, implies that the sentence he  
seeks to mitigate was too severe, or  
that he interferes to prevent what  
justice demanded should be done. It  
would not be strange that a culprit  
who would commit robbery, burglary,  
arson, theft, or murder, would wel-  
come such an advocacy and feel  
grateful toward an advocate who  
should thus manifest more of sym-  
pathy for the culprit, than of regard  
for the law he had violated. It is  
quite natural that an ignorant, selfish  
man, trembling under the fear of  
impending justice, or smarting under  
its execution, should welcome the  
free services of such an advocate, and  
feel grateful for his sympathy. Emo-  
tions of gratitude are calculated to  
improve human character, and when  
it is so undeveloped as to desire es-  
cape from the rightful consequences  
of its own acts, it will naturally love  
whoever helps to effect it.

The evangelical churches have a  
theology well calculated to inspire  
this kind of affection toward Christ.  
It makes him an intercessor, an ad-  
vocate. An "intercessor" implies  
somebody to be influenced to do  
either right or wrong, as the advo-  
cate requests. The necessity of an  
intercessor implies that the party in-  
terceded has resolved to do some-  
thing improper, or to omit to do  
what ought to be done, and that un-  
less he is interceded with he will  
commit one or the other of these  
wrongs. If the second person of  
the Trinity intercedes with the first,  
it must be because the first had re-  
solved to do wrong and the second  
wishes to prevent him from doing it;  
or, because the first had determined  
to do right and the second wished to  
persuade him to do otherwise; or in  
other words to persuade him to do  
wrong. It is to be hoped that men  
and women will reach such a state of  
development that they will welcome  
the execution of justice, though it  
may be attended with personal suf-  
fering to themselves. When we can  
considerately pray that justice may  
be done on earth and in heaven,  
whatever may be the consequence to  
us, we cannot welcome the services  
of any advocate who volunteers to  
prevent it. If the time shall ever

come when we are just, merciful and  
benevolent, we will then have a just,  
merciful and benevolent God. We  
shall then know that with Him we  
need no advocate, no intercessor.  
We shall then see the pertinence of  
that expression, pronounced blasphem-  
ous by some, with which the Hon.  
Robert Ingersoll opened a lecture  
lately delivered at Peoria, "An honest  
God is the noblest work of man," and  
may not we add that a divided God,  
half pitiful and half vengeful, is the  
bungling work of a savage and bar-  
barous age?

#### A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU.

The divinity students of the Theological  
Seminary in New Brunswick, N. J., have  
been preaching in the school houses, alm-  
shouses, hospitals and prisons, in and near  
New Brunswick.—*Free Press.*

All right. A belief in vicarious  
atonement, "salvation by faith alone,"  
endless punishment, etc., directly fill  
prisons; and indirectly, (by sapping  
all faith in one's self and inducing a  
neglect of sanitary education by reason  
of mental concentration on the  
means to escape hell fire,) such belief  
tends to fill hospitals and almshouses.  
Possibly on the principle of *similia  
similibus curantur*, the same kind  
of preaching that makes paupers  
criminals and patients, may comfort  
them, though the way in which said  
comfort is brought about is not clear  
to the "carol mind."

While said students are thus en-  
gaged, we mildly suggest that a  
small dose of statistics might pleas-  
ingly vary the lugubrious labor. For  
instance; how many and what per-  
centage of the inmates believe in the  
cheerful doctrine of endless punish-  
ment, and the invigorating one of  
good-for-nothing representation, and  
whether any of those horrible people  
called Universalists, Spiritualists, free  
thinkers, free religionists, Unitarians,  
etc., are inmates of these institutions,  
and if so, how much?

Apparently the census is judiciously  
reticent on such points.

A. C.

#### JAPANESE MISSIONARIES.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should  
do to you, do ye even so to them," has  
always been accepted and quoted as the  
very essence of Christianity; and yet we find  
a proposition that in the Japanese treaty  
now about to be entered into by our  
government, we shall insist upon the insertion  
of a clause providing for the establishment  
of Christian churches, missionaries, etc., in  
that country. How would we like it were  
they to insist upon a similar provision, and  
ask for the establishment of Pagan temples  
upon our hillside with a view to our ulti-  
mate conversion to that more ancient faith,  
and the gradual suppression of the modern  
innovation called Christianity? And they  
could bring some potent arguments to bear,  
did they choose to attack us on the subject  
of religion. Their faith is far the oldest,  
and has the most adherents among the  
world's inhabitants. And they believe  
in their religion, while we only pretend to be-  
lieve in ours.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Just what we might expect from  
Methodistic influences in the  
Government. I observe that Cali-  
fornia papers are much more outspo-  
ken on religious matters than East-  
ern ones, in this and other cases. The  
Japanese, however, are throwing off  
their religion about as fast as we are  
ours, and it is decidedly undesirable  
that they should put on our cast-off  
clothing or wear theirs. Both religions  
are opposed to progress, and the foes  
of human welfare.

A. C.

This theory to be encouraged here is a re-  
verent freedom—a freedom preceded by the  
hard discipline which checks licentiousness  
in speculation; while the thing to be re-  
pressed, both in science and out of it, is  
dogmatism.—*Typical of the Scientific Uses  
of the Imagination.*

Dogmatism is a vice not confined  
to orthodox religionists. Many lead-  
ing physicists of the materialistic  
school in Germany, some in France  
and one or more in England, to say  
nothing of their feeble imitators in  
the U. S., are excessively dogmatic in  
reference to all evidences or indica-  
tions of immortality, either in the na-  
ture of man or in the way of direct  
evidence of a future life. Huxley  
must be so classed, abandoning the  
very rudiments of the scientific meth-  
ods followed by him in spiritual in-  
vestigation the moment Spiritualism  
is the subject of judgment. Shall-  
low materialists are very apt to reason  
in a circle by assuming at the  
outset the thing to be proved or dis-  
proved. Even Spiritualists are too  
apt to be dogmatic in some cases.

A. C.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTER OF ROBERT SNEESBY TO HIS BROTHER IN EN- GLAND.

You wish to know where I go to  
church. Very often in my own  
house. I do not believe that infer-  
nal doctrine I used to hear and which  
you hear to-day. I believe in one  
God who is the first and the last, the  
fountain of life, Creator, Preserver  
and Governor of the Universe.

I believe we are all pun-  
ished for our sins, but not in an en-  
dless hell. For God is love; his ten-  
der mercies are over all his works,  
and the will of God is that all men  
should be saved. \* \* \* \* \* Your  
creed is that the devil was once an  
angel of light in heaven, but try-  
ing to dethrone God, there was war  
in consequence, God got the mastery  
and cast him out. Now if God, who  
is infinite in power, could not man-  
age him, how did he suppose that we  
weak mortals could shun his wiles? In  
a word, if there was ever war in  
heaven, sin was there; and if so, it  
may be there again. \* \* \* \* \* I  
would here like to ask you who will  
manage this endless hell when the  
devil and all his works are destroyed,  
as the Scriptures tell us will be done.  
According to that, there is a pros-  
pect that God will have both heaven  
and hell to manage, and no devil to  
help him. Will God, who is all love,  
be able to carry on that business  
alone? \* \* \* \* \*

#### COLD BATHING.

There is altogether too much of it.  
Some persons can take daily or occa-  
sional cold baths with impunity.  
Many who do so are hurt by it. In-  
deed, half the people who bathe,  
aside from the negative benefit of re-  
moving dirt, get more harm than  
good in the process, as conducted by  
them.

A good many persons have de-  
stroyed their little remaining health  
by injudicious bathing.  
The use of cold water in bathing is  
not essential to cleanliness. If tepid  
water could be substituted for that  
which is cold, in the idea, becoming  
so popular, of the benefits of bath-  
ing, the public health would be pro-  
moted as a consequence.

Whoever finds himself or herself  
exhausted, refreshed, toned up,  
strengthened by the cold bath, and  
yet some hours later, feels unstrung,  
debilitated or depressed, may con-  
clude with certainty that to him or  
to her the cold bath is injurious. It  
disturbs the circulation, exhausts the  
vital powers, and tends to fix and  
render permanent, any disease or  
bodily derangement from which the  
person may be suffering.

Though one feels feeble in the  
morning and scarcely able to go  
about till stimulated by a cold bath,  
better bear the sense of weakness  
and so reserve some degree of force  
for the latter part of the day, than  
to be made to "feel fine" in the morn-  
ing by drawing on the reserve force,  
and then "feel all gone" when the  
reaction comes. In the one case life  
is shortened, in the other it is pre-  
served.

Feeble women ought to think of  
this, and particularly feeble teachers.  
Let them seek to understand the  
laws by which vital power exhibits  
itself and learn to be economical in  
its expenditure, for they are apt to  
have but a low stock of it at their  
disposal.

DR. HARRIET N. AUSTIN.

#### SIMON'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

The following ancient bit of pleas-  
antry will, we think, bear resuscita-  
tion and be read with pleasure. It  
will also be new to a great many.  
A countryman was in New York on  
an August Sunday, and crossed the  
Brooklyn ferry in the morning, for  
the purpose of hearing Beecher.  
But lo! the Plymouth pulpit was oc-  
cupied by a stranger, who delivered  
a tedious, common-place sermon  
from the text: "And behold Simon's  
wife's mother lay sick of a fever,"  
Beecher was away taking his vaca-  
tion.

In the afternoon the man sought  
to console himself for his morning's  
disappointment by listening to E. H.  
Chapin. He was shown to a front seat  
by the sexton of E. H. Chapin's church,  
and in due time was horrified to see  
the minister of the morning appear  
in the pulpit. The poor victim heard,  
for the second time, the sermon from  
the text: "And behold Simon's wife's  
mother lay sick of a fever," and went  
out of the sacred place very much  
discouraged. Chapin was taking his  
Summer vacation.

In the evening the man, thinking  
to redeem in a measure the defeat of  
the day, accepted a choice sitting in  
the Reform Dutch Church, for the  
sake of hearing the genial, eloquent  
and scholarly Bethune. But his  
heart was quite broken when the evil  
spirit that had possessed him all day

got up and gave out a hymn. And  
when the text was announced, "And  
behold Simon's wife's mother lay sick  
of a fever," the party who knew all  
about the subject, rushed wildly from  
the overdose and ran to his hotel.  
Dr. Bethune was taking his Summer  
vacation.

The next morning the man took  
the first train for home, and stepping  
into the car, there was his minister-  
ial friend of the day before, with his  
sermon under his arm. The New  
York bells were ringing a fire-alarm,  
and says the minister to his lay brother,  
"Friend, do you know what those  
bells are tolling for?" Says the coun-  
tryman, looking hard at the sermon,  
"I don't know; but I shouldn't won-  
der if Simon's wife's mother was dead.  
I heard three times yesterday that  
she was down with a fever."

#### Correspondence.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—Your correspon-  
ding editor, in the AGE of April 6th, holds  
some queer notions on the subject of God  
and religion, and I am at a loss to know  
whether the brother is joking, or whether,  
as in the case of Paul, "Much learning hath  
made him mad." No matter whether God  
is a spirit, with "human form divine," or  
whether He or it, is a principle permeating  
the universe. Shape or form is of little  
consequence to us. That there is a natural  
tendency in man to worship this principle  
or spirit—which I call God—but few per-  
sons will deny; and this feeling seems to be  
instinctive, for it is held by the savage, as  
well as by his more civilized brother.

I think brother Jamieson assumes quite too  
much, when he proclaims that "Spiritual-  
ists have no God to worship." Spiritual-  
ists are not all heathen, nor will they all  
quietly submit to his proclamation on that  
question, without a protest against such  
unwarranted assumption of authority. He  
would make the world believe that Spirit-  
ualists have a "creed," and that one of the  
slivers from their spiritual plank is, "Spirit-  
ualists have no God to worship, love, fear  
or obey." He further states that "an or-  
ganized God could not be infinite." How  
does he know that? How can he, or any-  
one else, ever know that? I simply assert that he  
has no philosophy that can reach that ques-  
tion. Infinity can never be measured by  
finite man.

Among other questions he asks, "Will any  
Spiritualist point to a religion that he does  
not deem a superstition?" I will try, but I  
only speak for myself. My definition of re-  
ligion is, love to God, and universal good  
will to man. There is no "superstition"  
about that. It may not satisfy our Godless  
brother, but I believe the majority of Spirit-  
ualists will call that religion, with the  
"superstition" left out. That mode of life  
will not begot creeds, but will expand the  
soul, and increase our charitable feelings  
towards our fellow man, both in this life  
and the other. In my opinion there can be  
but one religion. The brother evidently  
believes in a variety. He may be correct,  
but I don't see it in that light. I know it  
is a common thing for writers and speakers  
to talk of the Christian religion, as though  
no person but a professed Christian could  
entertain the worshipful, loving feeling,  
that all men in or out of the church may  
entertain. A Mahometan or Pagan, may  
entertain love to Deity, and universal good  
will to humanity, without any knowledge  
of Christianity or definite idea of Deity, or  
a future state. The belief in creeds is not  
religion; and here is where I think our  
brother W. F. J. is a little mixed; herein  
lies the "mystery" he talks so much about.  
Three Gods in one, "total depravity,"  
"vicarious atonement," personal devil,  
"hell fire," a "pent up" Heaven and all that  
kind of trash, is where the "mystery" comes  
in. Here is where man "prostrates his  
reason to faith." When I find a man—as I  
do sometimes—that believes in all this  
mythical nonsense, I am almost persuaded  
to believe in "total depravity."

Creeds do not make men better, because  
there is nothing in them to call out his  
higher and better nature—nothing to devel-  
op the spiritual; all is misty, dark and in-  
comprehensible; the Divinity within is  
crushed out by the great weight of such in-  
digestible nonsense, forced upon Christian  
worshippers.

If our brother W. F. J. will search after  
religion as anxiously and faithfully as  
brother Francis has searched after God, he  
may overtake it, but I am quite confident  
that he will have to search outside of creeds  
to find it. I hope both of them will hurry  
their search, and find what they are looking  
for before the 12th of August, otherwise,  
if the Geneva astronomer is correct their  
labor will be lost to a benighted humanity.

R. B. HALL.

OAKLAND, CAL. April 23, 1872.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—I write to let you  
know that the cause for which you are  
spending your untiring energies is pro-  
gressing finely in our place. We have been  
in need of a good speaker here for some  
time, but living away from railroads, it is  
inconvenient to get lecturers to call on us.  
Some time ago I wrote to Brother Jamieson  
if he ever came to Iowa again to make us a  
visit, and renew our spiritual strength. In  
return he gave me an introduction to brother  
R. G. Eccles of Kansas City, one of his  
godsons, claiming that the son could fill  
the place of his father on any and all sub-  
jects. I procured the boy's services for a  
month. He proved himself capable of his  
task, and worthy the father's recommend.  
He has destroyed the influence of the two  
churches in this place. Brother Eccles is a  
strong bold reasoner, uses plain language

suited to every capacity of mind, and is  
of humanity's bright stars in the firmament  
of the spiritual heavens. Like brother  
Jamieson we do not hesitate to recom-  
mend him capable of entertaining any  
audience. One hearing is all that is want-  
ing to draw a good house. It has been  
enough so that we shall organize a meet-  
ing next Sunday, holding our meetings regu-  
larly. There is another organization of  
twelve miles from here. We have made  
arrangements to meet with them, and  
with us, that we may gain wisdom by the  
exchange of ideas. Some tendencies are be-  
ing developed here, that promise much to  
seekers of spiritual phenomena. I will  
port as we progress.

Yours for the Age,  
Wm. D.  
LANCASTER, IOWA, May 5, 1872.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—Don't think it  
be interesting to you to learn that the  
Universalists of Rock Island, Ill. have been  
enjoined to the need of union in action.

On the fourth of May they organized and  
will be known as "The Association of Uni-  
versalists and Liberalists of Rock Island  
County and vicinity." The object was  
the moral elevation of man, by the pro-  
moting of moral, religious, scientific and  
spiritual truths.

The officers unanimously elected were  
Mr. Henry Dart, Rock Island, Ill. Presi-  
dent, Mr. James Thompson of Danvers,  
Iowa, Vice-President, Mrs. Sarah F. Jones  
Moline, Ill., Secretary, Mr. W. R. Jones  
of Danversport, Iowa, Dr. J. G. Jones  
of Moline, Ill., Treasurer. The  
attendance of the Rev. Mr. Jones  
had been secured and three of his in-  
spired lectures aroused much interest.  
Drawing out some opposition, his calm-  
ness and ability in debate was proved to  
question. For logical argument and clear  
analysis he cannot easily be excelled.  
The meetings were characterized by a  
freedom of feeling and action; individual  
with freedom of thought and expression, and  
the controlling ideas.

S. J. NORTON, Secy.

LETTER FROM MISS LUCIA R. COWAN.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—I was  
Cardington for one Sunday only, last  
morning and evening in school house  
There was not a large audience in the morn-  
ing; in the evening the hall was well filled  
by an intelligent and seemingly well re-  
spected audience. I found some noble men  
there. Among them F. M. Ewing and  
who for many years have stood bravely  
"the right," and borne the heat and bur-  
den of the unpopular day of Spiritualism.  
Last winter they built a cabinet, drew  
their parlor to seances, hired R. M. Shaw  
man (a medium for physical manifestations)  
to come there, devoting time and money  
to the enlightenment of all interested re-  
garding the science of life and its continuance  
after the change we call death. I was  
privileged to witness their best manifesta-  
tions, but was informed by reliable persons  
that had been eye witnesses, that while the  
medium was securely tied, and put into  
sack, which was also firmly tied to a  
skeptical committee, the cabinet door closed  
with lamp light in the room, several in-  
struments were played upon at once in the  
cabinet, and several spirit hands appeared  
at the same time at the aperture of the cabi-  
net. On opening the door the committee  
found the medium in the sack tied as he  
placed there, and no human being being  
him inside the cabinet. Such manifesta-  
tions cannot do less than convince the  
world of the presence of a power, and  
eventually lead to the solution of the great  
problem of life and our destiny.

Went from Cardington to Mt. Pleasant  
gave two lectures there, one on Saturday  
evening and one on Sunday. The  
there, a Methodist, seemed to have many  
conscientious scruples about having  
Spiritual meeting on the Sabbath, and  
refused to attend to fires, &c. Finally  
much persuasion, the very best of the  
al friends could do was to get the  
the Court House at 3 o'clock. P. M.  
Sunday, so as not to interfere with  
religious meetings. But the angels were  
with us, and we had two good meetings there.  
After the Sunday meeting a Universalist  
brother and sister took me by the hand and  
said that next time I came to Gilead, if the  
Universalist Church was not in use we  
could have it to meet in. A singular  
coincidence, perhaps worthy of mention,  
was that the Methodists held a meeting at  
3 o'clock, P. M., the bell ringing at the  
time we assembled at the Court House. There  
was something entirely out of their  
custom. Prejudice was very bitter there,  
but deep interest was manifested by all  
attendance, and I was told that the  
of the place were there. Certainly there  
were six or seven lawyers in attendance,  
and I believe they generally have accredited  
them more brains than conscience; but  
when their brains are illuminated by spiri-  
tual light and truth, they may perhaps in-  
herit the kingdom of heaven (harmony)  
before many of the self-righteous pri-  
hood. In every place I find an earnest  
questioning among the masses to know  
more of the beautiful religion of Spiritu-  
alism; an asking that will take no denial  
until the question of old, that troubles  
with the same intensity of feeling as when  
upon the lips of thousands is answered, "A  
man die shall he live again?" The  
has failed to answer it. Divines cannot  
us, the Bible, as they say, "is embarras-  
ingly silent upon the subject," hence they  
by the facts, phenomena and philosophy of  
Spiritualism, coming through the spiritual  
faculties of each and all, can the question  
be satisfactorily answered.

Yours for the truth,  
LUCIA R. COWAN.



# The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal.

Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reform,  
Poetry, Literature and General Intelligence.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - EDITOR.

Associate Editors:  
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, E. S. WHEELER.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Tuesday morning, May 7th, bound for New York, we left the city of Chicago, so recently a wide-spread ruin, but now, as if by magic rising from out the dust and ashes, a new city, beautiful in the modern style and uniformity of its architecture. It is not our purpose, however, to write of places we leave behind, but of scenes and incidents of a trip to the great commercial metropolis of America, and perhaps make brief mention of the proceedings of conventions and meetings during Anniversary week, at least of those likely to interest the readers of the *PRESENT AGE*. The journey across the Peninsular state, if made in the magnificent cars of the Michigan Central Railway, this season of the year, is delightful beyond description. The Great Western Railway, so well managed by our old friend, W. K. Muir, in years past connected with the Detroit and Milwaukee and Michigan Central Railways, now General Superintendent of this popular road, takes us from Detroit to Suspension Bridge by night or by day in coaches neat and comfortable. While crossing the Bridge, itself a wonder of art, a good view is obtained of Niagara Falls and of the foaming, rushing Rapids, hundreds of feet below, scarcely less attractive to the awe-stricken beholder than the mighty falls of water in plain view although nearly two miles distant. Of the grandeur of the Falls and surroundings we need not speak. To be fully appreciated they must be seen, not merely by a hasty glance, but by days and weeks of close observation, in which the lover of the beautiful and grand in nature will never tire.

From this point we had provided ourselves with tickets over the NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILWAY, of which we had for many years heard so much, but had never traveled. We shall speak more particularly of this road from the fact that it was new to us, and although our description of its scenery can at best give our reader but a faint idea of the reality, yet it may induce some lover of the beautiful in nature to take this route in their journeyings east.

This stupendous work is a grand monument to the enterprise, genius, and persevering industry of its energetic and indomitable originators and promoters. Extending from New York by a nearly direct general course to Lake Erie, one of the great chains of inland seas which transport on their broad bosoms the commerce of a continent, it seems almost a miracle of engineering achievement. It traverses sections of country where it was pronounced a mark of insanity to advocate such a project. It crosses mountain ridges and valleys deemed utterly impassable, and bridges wild ravines where bold engineers shook their heads in despair. The original charter was granted April, 1832. The work was commenced in 1836, but owing to many delays, financial embarrassments and the immensity of the work, was not completed until April 22nd, 1851, when the entire line was opened for business to Dunkirk, a distance of four hundred and seventy miles from New York. Subsequently the construction of the Northwestern division connected New York and Buffalo by this route, a distance of four hundred and twenty-three miles. The scenery along nearly the entire route is grand and imposing. After passing through the picturesque valley of the Passaic, in Northern New Jersey, and the rolling and verdure-clad pastures of Rockland and Orange counties, where some of the finest dairies in the world are found, the bold and rugged scenery of the Delaware valley engages the attention of the traveler for the next one hundred miles, to Deposit Station. From here we cross the country, surmounting a summit, to the Sasquehanna valley. The valley of this beautiful river and its tributaries is then followed to Hornellsville, affording interesting and picturesque views of scenery. From Hornellsville, on the main route, we again strike across the country, surmounting another summit, to the Alleghany River, at Olean, and follow its valley to Salamanca; from thence up the wild and rugged one of a tributary stream, and over another summit, to the basin of Lake Erie, in descending the slope of which we catch occasional glimpses of that remarkable inland sea.

In our estimation there was no one

locality of greater interest than the village of Portage, a place of perhaps three thousand inhabitants on the Genesee valley canal and the Genesee river. In its immediate vicinity are the Genesee Falls, three in number, each of which is remarkable for its beauty and grandeur. The upper or Horseshoe Falls, seventy feet high, are about three-quarters of a mile below the village. The Middle Falls are about one-quarter of a mile further down the river. Here the water pours in an unbroken sheet into a chasm one hundred and ten feet below, which is bounded by perpendicular ledges. A cave, called the "Devil's Oven," has been worn into the Rocks on the west bank, near the bottom of the Falls. In low water one hundred persons can be seated in it, but when the river is high it is filled with water. Two miles below the Middle Falls, before reaching the third, the river pursues a winding course between perpendicular walls, across which a man might almost leap, then descends in a succession of rocky steps almost as regular as a staircase, dives under a shelving rock, and descends into a narrow pass about fifteen feet wide; descending perpendicularly for twenty feet it strikes against the base of high rocks, whirls back, and, turning nearly at right angles, falls into a deep pool overhung with shelving rocks. "Sugar Loaf," an isolated mass of rock, fifteen feet in diameter and one hundred feet high, rises from the riverbed at a bend in its course, and receives nearly the whole force of the rushing waters. These Falls are accessible only from the west side. The perpendicular bank on the west of the river is three hundred and eighty feet high at one point. The bridge by which the railway crosses the river is the largest railroad bridge in the world. This bridge was built at a cost of \$175,000, and stands upon thirteen strong stone piers set in the bed of the river and rising sufficiently above high-water mark to be secure against freshets. Above these piers a trestle-work rises two hundred and thirty-four feet, on the top of which the track of the road is laid. The bridge is eight hundred feet long, and is so constructed that any timber in the whole structure can be removed and replaced at pleasure. The first and second falls can be seen from the bridge, and present a grand appearance as they are seen in the distance dashing over the rocks and plunging into the black basin. In some places the rocks of the ravine are three hundred feet high, and small streams, trickling over the top of the land, dissolve into blue mist long before they reach the bottom.

On our way East we esteemed it most fortunate to have the genial A. D. Thompson as the conductor of the train from Buffalo to Owego. This gentleman has been connected with the road over twenty years. From Owego to Port Jervis our conductor was C. O. Graves. These gentlemen seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in pointing out the places of interest along the road, and we are told that this fact may be noted of all conductors employed by the company. So far as our observation extended, we found the employees of the road attentive to their duties and courteous in deportment. In New York City we visited the magnificent building at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty Third street occupied by the offices of the company. Here we met the affable General Passenger Agent, Wm. R. Barr, under whose management this branch of the vast business of this company is so admirably conducted. General Dix and other prominent officers were not fortunate enough to meet. We are well aware of the fault findings of the past in regard to the financial management of this great corporate body, of which we have nothing to say; but of one thing the public may be well assured, that for the best interests of the traveling public there is no better or more safely managed railway in the world. It is positively a luxury to pass over this route in its luxurious drawing-room cars.

We were glad to learn that its business is constantly increasing. Mr. Barr informed us that the increased earnings of the road for the month of April 1872, over the corresponding month of 1871, was one hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars. From this statement some idea may be formed of the vastness of its business. One great feature of this road is its broad gauge and wider cars, which travellers who are only familiar with narrow gauge railways can hardly appreciate. Finally, for more reasons than we can now give, we say to our friends journeying to the east, take the Erie Railway from Buffalo or Suspension Bridge, in preference to any other.

## NEW YORK.

We find ourselves at the Astor House conveniently located for travelers in the lower part of this city, well termed the bedlam of America. After rest and breakfast we make our way to Steinway Hall where is to assemble the National Woman Suffrage Association. That veteran in the cause, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is already in the chair, and has called the

meeting to order. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker in response to invitation very quietly and modestly steps to the desk and opens the meeting by prayer. The words are few and well chosen, and we listen reverently. On the platform we notice Laura DeForce Gordon, Kate Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Mary F. Davis, Mrs. Woodhull and many other workers in this cause. After the formal opening of the meeting Mrs. Stanton said:

We are not here to-day to rehearse old arguments for woman suffrage, which we have advocated for the last twenty-five years, but to inaugurate a new political party. It is not probable that during this Convention we shall nominate a candidate. But we propose to take the initiatory step for a Convention of new forces, such as we have never had before. The politicians who are afraid that our support will not be given them say that our cause is so holy, and should be kept so high in the clouds that we could never see our flags. [Applause.] But now we propose to descend to the political business of life. To-day we are combined with the Liberal Reformers, with the Prohibitionists, and the Internationalists, with all classes of men who will help to roll back the constitutional doors that we may enter and enjoy the rights that belong to every free citizen of the United States. [Applause.] We claim, under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, that we are citizens of the United States to-day, and we have as good a right to go to the polls as any man, black or white, lettered or illiterate, washed or unwashed, and we don't propose any longer to petition national legislators for the right. We intend to go to the polls, register our names, and if our votes are refused, we will contest it in the Supreme Court of the United States. We are to consider the platform of a new party to-day. We condemn the platform of the Republicans, which amounts to nothing but a series of platitudes.

Mrs. Hooker read the platform of principles as proposed for the new party. We cannot find room except for the declaration and the following articles, which we regard as excellent, and most earnestly wish there was some hope of their early adoption by the people.

We, women citizens of the United States, in National Convention assembled at New York, proclaim the following principles as essential to just government:

1. We recognize the equality of all before the law, and hold that it is the duty of Government in its dealings with the people to mete out equal and exact justice to all of whatever nativity, race, color, sex, or persuasion, religious or political.
2. We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all disabilities now imposed on Repels and women, believing that universal suffrage and universal amnesty will result in complete purification in the family, and in all sections of the country.
3. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with the public order, for the State, self-government, and for the nation adherence to the methods of peace, and the constitutional limitations of power.
4. We affirm that no form of taxation is just or wise which puts burdens upon the people by means of duties intended to increase the price of domestic products and which are unnecessary for purposes of revenue. Taxes should not be laid on the necessities, but upon the luxuries of life, that the rich and not the poor may bear the burdens.
5. The highest consideration of commercial morality and honest government requires a thorough reform of the present financial system. The interests of the people demand a cheap, sound, uniform, abundant and elastic currency, to be a permanent measure of value, based on the wealth of the nation. This will be found in the issue of currency or certificates of value by the Government for all duties, taxes and imposts whatever, which shall be legal-tender for all debts, public and private; such currency to be the lawful money of the United States, and convertible at the option of the holder into Government bonds bearing a rate of interest not exceeding ten percent, and to be reconvertible into currency at the will of the holder.
6. We are opposed to all grants of land to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers, an inalienable homestead secured to every man and woman.
7. We believe in the principles of the referendum, minority representation, and a just system of graduated taxation.
8. It is the duty of Government to regard children and criminals as wards of the State; to secure to the one the best advantages of education, and for the other more humane legislation and better methods of reform.

The afternoon and evening were occupied in speech making by Mrs.

Howland, Laura DeForce Gordon, Mrs. Hooker, Miss Anthony, and others. During the day handbills were scattered among the people in attendance, giving notice that a people's convention would assemble the next day at Apollo Hall for the formation of a new party and the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. This call, and the conflicting feelings and views manifest on the rostrum during the day, satisfied us that another division among the friends of the woman movement was contemplated. The troubled and anxious expression upon the matronly face of the noble Mrs. Stanton, and many of the earnest sincere friends of the reform, confirmed us in this opinion, and the closing scenes of the evening convinced us that a separation had by a few leaders on both sides been determined upon. Miss Anthony gave notice that the National Association would meet in Steinway Hall the next morning, and Mrs. Woodhull and her friends were as prompt to herald their convention. We retired to our Hotel somewhat discouraged as to the success of the movement, until there was less seeking for personal notoriety, and more unity of feeling and action among those prominent in the cause. The second and last day of the National Association was passed in speech making, and election of new officers.

Being absent part of the day we copy the following account of the proceedings in part from one of the daily papers:

The National Woman Suffrage Convention reassembled in Steinway Hall at 11 o'clock a. m., yesterday, Mrs. H. B. Stanton in the chair. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker spoke on "Blackstone and Women," arguing that women were as capable of managing legal affairs as men, if they were only permitted to study and practice law. She cited several instances of women becoming prominent in the legal profession, in other generations, and held that what man has done man can do, and woman too.

Mrs. Duniway of Oregon followed with a short speech, in which she said that Horace Greeley was, in her opinion, the man most deserving of the support of every honest man and woman in America. Mrs. Stanton then said that Horace Greeley was a man she highly respected, a man whose whole life had been devoted to the cause of lifting up the laboring classes and procuring for them their rights; but she thought his journal, which was the most powerful in the land, by its overt attacks upon the cause of Woman's Rights, was like a dagger striking to their hearts. She hoped that a man possessed of so many virtues and good qualities would reconsider this matter.

A vote of thanks was then tendered *The Tribune* for its impartial report of the proceedings of the day before. The officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association were next chosen for the ensuing year, Susan B. Anthony being elected President.

The evening session was addressed by several prominent advocates of Woman Suffrage, among whom were Mrs. Duniway and Mrs. Frances Kingman. The feature of the evening, however, was the address of Miss Kate Stanton, on "Philadelphia or Cincinnati—which?" She said:

We are in the midst of stirring times, and whether women be allowed the right of suffrage or not we cannot be forbidden to think, to observe current affairs, and consider their bearings upon the future of the nation, and of individuals, and to express our opinions thereon. I have been studying politics a little of late—not that I find them attractive or interesting, as comprehending justice, right, and humanity; but they are of the important affairs of the times, and we cannot ignore their influence for weal or for woe, if we would. All parties politic beggar the vocabulary for emphatic words to express their respective pretensions to honesty, and their love of country, as well as their intense hate of rivals, and we should be led into a confusion worse than confounded were we to trust the declarations of all of these men. There is no necessity of any man's re-election, and therefore the fifth resolution of the Cincinnati platform must commend itself to the approval of all sensible citizens, as an evidence that even the politicians are awakening to some sense of propriety, and of the true needs of the people. That the once proud and noble Republican party, trusting too implicitly to dishonest leaders, has been led to the verge of destruction, none can doubt. But it is not too late for the great army to change its leaders, and purify its own camp; and the simple question upon which the destiny of the Republic party now hangs is, Will it do so? It is not the fault of the rank and file that Grant has failed to endure himself to the nation; the people were deceived in him, and were they independent of the rule of their leaders in office,

it is safe to say that, outside of his own immediate family, Grant could not command a score of spontaneous votes in all the land. [Applause.]

If the Philadelphia Convention is wise, it will find it expedient to take the short course of nominating some one else than Grant for the Presidency. Suppose, for example, that they should nominate that accomplished scholar, gentleman, and I may say statesman, when I contrast him with Grant, George William Curtis [applause], the Civil Service reformer and advocate of Woman Suffrage, or Charles Sumner, or Horace Greeley (applause) of whom I have always heard it said that he is an honest man, and one, if I mistake not, who has been somewhat identified with the Republican party. Any of these might make a sufficiently good candidate for the Philadelphia Convention if it would make an honest platform for him to stand upon. Is it necessary that the Philadelphia Conventionists dig their own graves, and be buried with the corpse of the champion smoker, who is now puffing his last cigars at the nation's expense?

But Grant the party cannot safely presume to carry again into power. No abuse of the Liberal Republicans, no scoffs or jeers at Greeley, no imputation to the masses to "save us this once," will avail. Grant is politically dead now, as he ought ever to have been. I believe that all who have the interests of the country at heart, and allow motives of principle and not gratitude to govern their voting, will vote for Horace Greeley. [Applause.]

The meeting then adjourned until next year.

At Apollo Hall about three hundred were in attendance, hardly respectable as to numbers for a "National People's Convention." The day was occupied in appointment of committees, permanent officers, adoption of platform, etc. In the evening, agreeably to announcement, Mrs. Woodhull addressed the people's convention, and immediately thereafter on motion of Judge Carter, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull was by acclamation nominated as a candidate for President of the United States, although the reported platform had not yet been adopted. After the nomination she was called to the rostrum and responded briefly as follows:

I thank you from the bottom of my soul for the honor you have conferred upon me to-night. I feel it all the more deeply as I have stood by you so long, sometimes meriting your applause and sometimes encountering your rebuffs, but I have been always faithful to my principles, and without saying more I again thank you for the great honor you have shown me.

On motion of a delegate, Frederick Douglass was nominated for Vice-President. Over this nomination considerable bickering followed, with threatening of another secession. It was finally settled, however, that he should be the candidate. Saturday was passed in the discussion of the platform and many resolutions, and at the close of the evening session the convention adjourned *sine die*.

We have for many years been earnestly in favor of Woman Suffrage, and shall continue to demand this as an act of justice, but we are free to admit that what we witnessed at the two conventions we silently attended has not encouraged us to hope for early success. Neither are we inspired with confidence that when success shall be attained there will be less of intrigue and corruption in politics than now. It is not necessary for us to give the reason assigned by the parties as the cause of this new division; our purpose was merely to chronicle the fact that it exists.

## SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

This number closes our sixth volume, and with it we discontinue the publication of the *PRESENT AGE*. We have arranged with Theodore Tilton to consolidate the subscription list of the *PRESENT AGE* with that of the *GOLDEN AGE*. Every subscriber to the *PRESENT AGE* will receive the *GOLDEN AGE* the full time for which payment has been made; an arrangement which cannot fail to please our patrons, and will be still more satisfactory after the *GOLDEN AGE* shall have been received and read. We are confident the *GOLDEN AGE* will better please the readers of the *PRESENT AGE* than any other paper. It is unique, and unquestionably the best conducted truly liberal paper ever published. Ably advocating every reform, religious, political and social, to which the *PRESENT AGE* has been devoted, it will be fully in accord with the sentiments of the great mass of our readers, and we are confident this change will meet with the approbation of all interested. We shall be identified in interest with the *GOLDEN AGE*, and we earnestly solicit the kind friends who have sympathized and labored with us for nearly four years to accompany us with their good will into the office of

the *GOLDEN AGE*. Our work will relate specially to the circulation of the *GOLDEN AGE*, yet our readers will not doubt occasionally hear from us through its columns. Contributors for the *PRESENT AGE*, with whom our readers have become so familiar, Andrew Jackson Davis, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Love M. Willis, A. E. Newton, Giles B. Stebbins, A. Cridge, Miss Nettie M. Pease, W. F. Jamieson, Prof. E. Whipple, and others have been invited to continue their contributions. From some we have already received favorable answers.

We acknowledge a sadness, and some feeling of regret, that we shall not be so intimately connected with our readers as heretofore. Our relation to many of our correspondents and subscribers had become very dear; and this affectionate, fraternal regard, now that even this slight change is to be made, produces emotions which will not down at our bidding. To the friends who have stood by us in dark days of adversity, and encouraged us with words of cheer in the hour of despondency, we cannot command language to adequately express our gratitude. In our heart of hearts we pray that God and angels may ever bless them. The fact need not be suppressed that in a pecuniary point of view we have lost largely. This was of course mostly caused by the great disaster of Oct. 10th, 1871, in which we lost our office and all contents. As all our insurance was by Chicago companies, now in bankruptcy, we have not received a farthing for loss, and never shall. Notwithstanding all this we do not regret that we commenced the publication of the *PRESENT AGE*, and now, we congratulate our patrons that by a very satisfactory arrangement with Mr. Tilton, the *AGES* have been united, and we doubt not the usefulness of both will be largely increased. We perhaps should say that this change has been effected, not alone upon our own judgment, but by the advice and with the approval of the best friends of the *PRESENT AGE*. There is no longer a question of permanency to affect our circulation. The *GOLDEN AGE*, by this additional number of subscribers is greatly strengthened, and from its Cosmopolitanism is rapidly gaining a circulation, East, West, North and South, and for it we ask our friends everywhere to earnestly work. Subscribers whose time has expired will receive one or two numbers of the *GOLDEN AGE* to give them opportunity to judge of its merits. Hereafter papers will be stopped when the time of payment expires, but we intend to notify each subscriber a sufficient time in advance to allow for renewal without stoppage of paper.

## THE UNION OF THE AGES.

Circumstances, conditions, and influences needless to recapitulate, have furthered and directed reformatory progress, until happily in the order of events, "The Present" has merged into the *GOLDEN AGE*. Always opposing the multiplication of liberal and spiritualistic periodicals when a concentration and increase of support for them is an imperative demand, I am gratified at any consolidation and union in which the blending of interests and combination of abilities, conserves all the good of the past, and insures more beneficial development for time to come. So the joining of the *PRESENT AGE* and the *GOLDEN AGE* meets my approval, and gives me occasion to congratulate the old friend, subscribers and readers of the *PRESENT AGE*, that while losing so little they have gained, they gain so much I am certain they will admire and profit by.

Ever since the publication of the *GOLDEN AGE*, the two papers have followed parallel lines of thought, and been actuated by a common purpose. It has been concluded that those ideas could be elaborated and that purpose served best by joint action under one head, with expression through the columns of one sheet. In carrying out this arrangement, patrons of the *PRESENT AGE* gain the benefit of the genius of Theodore Tilton, while the *GOLDEN AGE* retains the good will, interest and service of the writers they have been instructed and pleased by in the past. Rational Spiritualism will be no new topic in the *GOLDEN AGE*, and for any other, many have ceased to have an interest. I have reason to believe the *GOLDEN AGE* will lead in the advance of cultured thought and accurate observation regarding "the Epiphanies," and spiritual philosophies of the epoch in which we live on earth.

Consequently I commend this journal to all those with whom my writings and speeches for the last fifteen years may have found any degree of toleration and acceptance, and urge upon them as a personal matter, that in no case forgetting other deserving publications, they take into confidence the *GOLDEN AGE* and serve themselves and the cause of Spiritualism and general reform, by aiding in its support, and rapidly increasing its circulation.

E. S. WHEELER.



## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY ANNA MERRITT.

Put off your crown,  
And have your throne of blossoming  
clover.  
Put off your green and golden gown  
And have your throne of blossoming  
clover.  
Write a message for my lover,  
And have your throne of blossoming  
clover.

Send a ring of earth and air,  
And have your throne of blossoming  
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Send a ring of earth and air,  
And have your throne of blossoming  
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Send a ring of earth and air,  
And have your throne of blossoming  
clover.

or A. B. Whiting, and last the worthy brother of whom we write. We know they yet live and work, and will not forget their associates left behind.

"Yet fair our eyes would catch, adwert the gloom,  
In radiance of their forms befitting,  
Some rays of glory that those shores illumine  
That lie so peaceful on the other side."

## THE WOODHULL AND CLAPLIN WEEKLY.

We have received hundreds of complaints charging us with non-performance of an agreement to send the "Weekly" to our subscribers. The persons thus complaining no doubt think the fault in this office. We desire therefore again to say, that in October last we arranged with Mrs. Woodhull to send her paper to our subscribers who desired it, up to the number of one thousand. We have only sent about nine hundred names in all. As soon as a name has been received we have sent it forward and we know no more of it. When notices of failure have come to us we have invariably forwarded the names. Last week we handed to Mrs. Woodhull, personally, over one hundred names of persons who have recently written us. She assured us they should be sent, and admitted great carelessness in their office which she promised should be avoided in the future. The following day Mrs. Woodhull informed us that the clerk found all but three or four of the names on their mail book. We hope those who are entitled to the *Woodhull and Claplin Weekly* will hereafter in case of failure write to that office direct, and that this may be a satisfactory answer to all letters of inquiry upon the subject.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

A large amount is due on our subscription book and we very much need it. We have made an especial appeal by circular, to which some have responded, hundreds have not. We again appeal to all in arrears for remittances. If you do not wish to renew for the year and receive the *GOLDEN AGE*, we trust a sense of justice at least will prompt all who are owing for the *PRESENT AGE* in the past to remit the amount due, and order the paper discontinued. We shall send one or two copies of the *GOLDEN AGE* to our subscribers in arrears. We hope they will promptly respond, and any amount sent above paying past indebtedness will be applied in payment for the *GOLDEN AGE*.

## TO OUR EXCHANGES.

Our thanks are due the press for many kindly notices of the *PRESENT AGE*; in fact from the secular press we have received no other. The union of the *Ages* will necessitate changes on the mail books of our contemporaries. If both papers are on the list the erasure of *PRESENT AGE* will make all right. In case any of our exchanges do not receive the *GOLDEN AGE*, by notice of this consolidation or publishing the prospectus found in this number, and sending marked copy, they will be entitled to it.

## AGENTS FOR GOLDEN AGE.

We desire to appoint *STATE AGENTS* in every state, and *Local Agents* for every town and village of considerable size, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from Maine to California. Our terms are most liberal. Persons applying will please send letters of recommendation or reference, with postage stamp for answer, to whom we will send circular giving particulars. For prospectus of *GOLDEN AGE* see fifth page. Address:

Col. D. M. Fox,  
Golden Age office,  
Tribune Building, New York City.

## BOOKS.

We desire to say to our friends everywhere, that we shall be prepared in New York City to promptly supply them with any book, pamphlet or periodical they may order. Hereafter our duties connected with editorial work and the business department of the *Age* have so completely occupied our time as to prevent attention to this, particularly since the great fire in which all the books we had on hand were consumed. We

shall keep for sale all spiritual, liberal and reformatory works, and will send by mail or express at publishers' prices. Books, political, scientific or literary, not usually kept by us we can at once procure in New York City, and will send as above. Letters of inquiry must be accompanied by stamp to insure answer. Address:

Col. D. M. Fox,  
Golden Age office,  
Tribune Building, New York City.

## THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

We had prepared quite a lengthy article upon the political aspect of the times, which for want of space in our columns we are compelled to omit. Our readers will find in this number a letter from Hon. Horace Greeley, accepting the nomination for the Presidency tendered him by the Liberal Republican Convention of Cincinnati. Mr. Greeley accepts the platform without hesitation, and with evident satisfaction. His letter will be read with deep interest by the American people, and unless we greatly mistake the beating of the public pulse, there are indications of the most exciting presidential campaign, that has been known since 1860. Mr. Greeley has undoubtedly a greater personal popularity than any other American, and we believe he possesses qualifications that peculiarly fit him for the Presidency. The success of the Tribune Company, and in fact every business enterprise with which he has been connected in life, mark him as an able executive officer.

## CHAPTERS FROM THE BIBLE OF THE AGES.

As we announced last week this new publication by Giles B. Stebbins has been received, but too late for a careful review. Want of time and space in this our last issue prevents our publishing extracts from its deeply interesting pages. We commend the book to all who are not so bigoted as to believe that all the inspiration of the past is found bound in the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, and "no where else but there." The book will be kept for sale at the office of the *GOLDEN AGE*. Price postage paid \$2.

Address,  
Col. D. M. Fox,  
Golden Age Office,  
Tribune Building,  
New York City.

## Personal.

W. F. JAMESON commenced his labors with the Young People's Spiritual Association, in Louisville, Ky., before small audiences owing to a division among the Spiritualists just before he came. The audiences are gradually on the increase, and good interest. The Louisville Daily *Courier Journal* published a report of his Sunday evening, (May 19,) discourse.

He speaks the Sundays of June in Clyde, Ohio.

## Corresponding Editor.

W. F. JAMESON.  
THE BOSTON "SAINTS."

Our readers will remember that I took occasion to refer to the long creed of the Boston "Close Communion Spiritualists." What I wrote was in the most kindly spirit, spiced with a little humor. But in the *PRESENT AGE* of the 18th of May, greets me with an article written by Brother A. E. Newton, who wades through more than four columns to bring to the surface an explanation of the Boston creed, although his labor seems to be equally divided between this, and giving the readers a "piece of his mind" about that terrible "corresponding editor." He tells us they "wish none to join who cannot become harmonious workers." Nothing "exclusive" about that, I suppose? If we will become good, we may come in. If not we may—as an orthodox minister would say—stay out and be damned! But who are the "harmonious workers"? Brother Newton charges me with being "a wanton and reckless accuser of his brethren." "Wanton, I imagine, unspiritual pugnacity." And what is my offence? I presumed to dissent from the creed of the Union. No, not even as bad as that, according to A. E. Newton. He says he is glad that I pronounced this Declaration for the most part "excellent," and that I intimate "dissent from only a single proposition out of the twenty-nine." This is my unpardonable sin! A single grain of heresy, for which I receive a four column broadside!

My friend Newton endows me with an "excited imagination"—all about a "single proposition," and also says I seem "deeply exercised and alarmed at this new Boston notion." This is a mistake in the great notions. Neither old nor new Boston notions have any effect upon me to excite the "excited imagination," when they do not the contempt of the world. "To his excited imagination," this merely local union—this and nothing more—of a few Spiritualists at the Hall is of great credit. To a Bostonian, I doubt. But to people elsewhere where it is the appearance of a fearful "temped" is a fact.

He comes to "revels the good brother's alarm and anxiety." Why collect them me good? They are none good except they belong to the Boston Select.

Newton continues: "The most concealed Hub-bub never thinks that Boston includes quite the whole country." How those excellent people have been deceived! No, and yet they are hereabouts that Boston thought there was no other place on earth. Imaginations has cooled now, since I learned that Boston don't include quite the whole country.

Where, then, did this temper, which has no doubt been the cause of your excitement, originate? Has he not been frightened by a golden snout up by his own "excited imagination?"

Some of the "imagination." It is "suspicious" of the time. No; it wasn't "suspicious" of the time. They can't scare me. It was worse than gold. I was afraid the Bostonians would come and take me, and make a "saint" of me. I don't want to be saint—not just yet. Please excuse me. You are too good for my society.

In reference to my charge that the Boston Close Communion Spiritualists would expect members for opinion's sake, just as the church has spoiled many, he admits, "this is a grave charge, truly, if it were only a true one." He implies by that statement that my charge is not true. Now, let us see. The twentieth article of the first division of the Boston Creed teaches that the applicant for membership must believe that the "man of causation leads inevitably to a Creative Spirit." Many might innocently join their organization believing that, and disown the belief. What then? Why, the for souls, though they may love their fellow members, and their dearly beloved past; though they may have by long years of association contracted strong ties, yet if a mere change of belief they must retire voluntarily, or be expelled. The article on withdrawal is explicit on this point of belief. Brother Newton strives to excuse the "iron rule" by claiming that the heretical member ought to withdraw when his, or her opinion conflict with the creed. The member may wish heartily to labor for the coming good of humanity, but is deterred from the benefits of the "Union" on account of mere difference of opinion? He says he invite "those only who fully agree with them in these convictions and purposes I unite with them." This is more straightforward, I believe, than any church on earth. There is scarcely a church that is not more tolerant. If such members fully agree at first, and as no one can be held to-day what may be one can certainly be held to-morrow, change the belief, and will not withdraw, the "Union's" duty is to suspend or expel them, church fashion, "and his or her name" to be "stricken from the roll, by a vote of the Union." He thinks it will be source of consolation to the "cut off" members that they are only "dead limbs," "frigid parasites," and not "legitimate fresh troops," to be consigned to "everlasting burnings." Oh, how grateful the parasties would feel that they are only "cut off" or "in this world!" He admits that if this Spiritual Union was like an orthodox church "this provision would, indeed, be rather hard." Brother Newton confesses:

"I confess, however, that as an individual member of the Union I should have much preferred that this provision be expressed in less harsh terms."

Ah, ha! then it is not quite perfection after all, even if it did originate at the center of time intelligence! He thinks the original, (prepared by himself), was better, for he advises any society organizing on the Boston plan to "renew the original wording as being less repulsive in terms, and open to reasonable objection." My kindly meant criticism, then, has already done you one good. That is right. Go ahead and patch up your creed, and you may conclude that no human being has any right to deviate free thought and free speech to others. It is the way with creed-makers. Each one believes his creed is "open to no particular objection." Here is a clause in Brother Newton's original draft: "Open avowed of opposing sentiments, is sufficient to expel a member. If the avowed is not open the member is not amenable. What becomes of his burst of indignation in case a member holds his opinions contrary to the creed, it says nothing about them? He calls it professing a lie. After defending the article which I attacked, he turns round and coolly proposes that people should defend the right of free speech—open avowed of opposing sentiments—in the Union. That is not as free as the Pope's Ecclesiastical Council. Any union, or system, that cannot tolerate freedom of opinion, inside and outside, has on it the seal of decomposition."

Ah! he does not want our time and strength "spent in wrangling about disputed questions." To oppose the freest possible expression is pernicious. It induced the Catholic church to strive for an impossible unity of faith, and to settle questions by vote. The Boston Close Communionists had, however, a mess of pottage for which they are willing to barter liberty. Harmony purchased at such a price is but a "dead carcass." It means the quiet and peace of the grave!

A. E. Newton says that the local society at Boston so organized that it might stand in harmonious relation with the only existing national organization. But what says Luther Colby, editor of the *Banner* in which the same number of the *Banner* in which the Boston Close Communion Creed was published?

That the theory of the National Association of Spiritualists has proved it to be a failure, no sane mind will deny.

Then Brother Newton wants the local societies to harmonize with a "failure?"

He wants to know if adopting the statement put forth by the American Association looks like "an effort to kill the American Association?" I rather think your article expelling members who do not fully agree with you is enough to kill the best platform of principles ever conceived. "Does it look like an effort to kill the American Association?" I think it does. I will quote a no less distinguished Spiritualist than Luther Colby, editor of the *Banner* of Light, to prove it. Of this Boston plan he said:

"Now, let us carefully organize, or more properly speaking, reorganize. Begin at the fountain-head—i. e. establish primary meetings everywhere—and from the fountains of such will proceed a national association."

Very harmonious relations with the only existing national organization. Brethren, you had better compare notes before you send out another creed to the world.

A. E. N. says he wants to see an organization which shall not be an *omnibus gathering* (that's Latin) of every sort of "queer fish" (that is not Latin—it's Boston) who can lay aside personal crochets for the sake of

work. He sets a poor example. Notwithstanding the Boston Union has nearly the whole of Newton in it he is dissatisfied, because a "crochet" was left out, and advances societies to restore the original wording written by himself. Nothing "self-opinionated, self-willed," about that. Oh, no, I think this Creed sake is nearly dead, and not the American Association. Brother Newton remarks:

Allow me to express the hope that the time will come when our spiritualistic journals will be free from the dangerous content of each writer, well-kept, and unfraternal attacks by one co-worker, or party of co-workers, upon another.

I hope so. I trust that writers will follow the example that the *PRESENT AGE* has given them. Brothers Fox, Whipple, Hathaway, Eccles, sisters Nettie M. Pease, Mrs. Woodhull, and others, and lastly, your humble servant, have discussed more important questions in these columns than a Tea-Party Union, and all in the spirit of love. While we may show opinions on quarters, I think we have succeeded in treating each other with that courtesy that should characterize the interchange of opinion between ladies and gentlemen. Those who are disposed to consider a free discussion of their views as a personal affront, will of course be offended.

He wants to know whom I mean when I say that this Boston move is a glaring attempt to "foster a narrow church establishment upon the Spiritualists of America. Glad he has asked me. I say to him, "Then of the same." Your favorite pastime since you "withdrew" from the church has been cross-making. There is not a cross-maker in the country who could not plead the same excuse you do. The Methodists require a six-month trial to determine whether the "holy ghost" struck in. Then the candidates "freely sign their own names." No one is forced into the Boston sect, so they claim; but where is the Protestant church that the same is not true of it? But a change of opinion will expel you. Our brother declares that there are Spiritualists uniting "for association with honest people." The Boston Union proposes to "close its doors against them." Is not this confessing just what I charged—that you are "Close Communion?" You don't "expect to include all the Spiritualists of Boston" even! No, you are going to have an association of honest, pure, holy, passive, h-a-r-m-o-n-i-o-u-s Spiritualists.

"Unspiritual pugnacity." Is not that a Boston notion? For my part I am enlisted for this whole moral and intellectual warfare against churches, creeds, and every form of error. So long as there is a creed, I sincerely desire to remain unspiritual enough to hit its "diminished head."

Here is a nice piece of consistency: 1. Newton says if a member changes his opinion about the basic principles he ceases to believe. Yet if he allows his name to remain, he professes a lie. No honest nor honorable person, he says, will under such circumstances fail to withdraw promptly. 2. The article on amendments provides that important changes in the basic principles may be made by a two-thirds vote. But as each "chances," "honorable," "fit" number withdrew "promptly" when the change of opinion occurred who is left to vote a change? If two-thirds of the members remain after changing their opinions, then they, of course, are, in the language of A. E. N., "dishonest," "dishonorable," "unfit." Would this not be a "Union" of hypocrites? I think our readers will perceive why these very excellent Boston people have such a dread of "unspiritual pugnacity." It has no respect for their Spiritualistic nonsense.

We need a word of Truth-seekers, independent of petty, meddling sects, and the dignity of individual opinion maintained against all foes. While I favor organization for business purposes, and association for moral and intellectual improvement, I detest the tyranny of any society exercising jurisdiction over the simplest thought of the humblest child of humanity.

W. F. J.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 14th.

The mournful story of Stephen Owen is the talk and sorrow of Brooklyn. Stephen was a Sunday school superintendent forty five years of age, and of muscular build. He wrote a note to the pastor stating that though he had run away to Canada with another man's wife, he had subsequently sent her back and bitterly regretted the transaction. The temptations of Satan had been too much for him. The pastor read the note, and though there was some titling among the hearers, the general feeling was one of forgiveness toward Stephen if he would in future behave himself.

Quite a creditable feeling: "the world moves" in that and other directions. But had such a transaction occurred among Spiritualists there would have been no end of denunciation on the part of the press, secular and religious, as to the immoral tendencies of Spiritualism.

## Notices of Meetings.

## ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

The Anniversary Meeting of the "Harmonical Society of Sturgis" will be held at the Free Church in Sturgis, Mich., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of June.

Eminent speakers from abroad will be in attendance to address the meeting. A general invitation is given to all Spiritualists, Liberalists or others that wish, to be with us on that occasion. The friends will do all they can to provide for strangers from abroad.

By order of the Executive Committee.  
STURGIS, May 6th, 1872.

## MEETING.

J. M. Peebles, Spiritualist, and Elder J. S. Prescott, Shaker, will hold a two days meeting at Union Hall, West Farmington, Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, June 1st and 2d, commencing on Saturday, at 1 o'clock, P. M. A choir of Shaker singers will be present. Friends from a distance will be cared for.

By order.

## The Golden Age

A Weekly Journal devoted to the Free Discussion of all Living Questions of Church, State, Society, Literature, Art, and Moral Reform.

Published Every Wednesday  
At New York City.

## THEODORE TILTON,

Editor and Publisher.  
W. T. CLARKE, Associate Editor.  
O. W. RULAND, Associate Publisher.

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Twenty-five cents a line, for each insertion—2¢ price which, considering the unusual width of the columns, enables the advertiser to cover a good deal of space at a moderate cost.

## Agents are Wanted

To canvass the principal cities and towns of the United States to procure subscriptions for this journal. All persons soliciting such employment are requested to write to the Editor and Publisher, enclosing credentials of integrity and capacity. Applications from persons who can give no references will receive no attention.

## THEODORE TILTON,

TRIBUNE BUILDING,  
New York City.

## Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The right of woman to participate in the Government cannot be denied, and the Government will be made more pure and better for her participation.—*Senator Trenchard, of Ill.*

## THREE MEETINGS.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Oh the happy meeting from over the sea,  
When I have my friend and my friend loves me.

And we stand face to face, and for letters read  
There are endless words to be heard and said.

With a glance between, shy, anxious, half-strange,  
As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"

Till we both settle down as we used to be—  
Since I love my friend and my friend loves me.

Oh the blissful meeting of lovers true,  
Against whom fate has done all that fate could do;

And then dropped, conquered,—while over these slain  
Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain.

Hope lifts her banner, gay, gallant, and fair,  
Untainted, untorn, in the balmy air;

And the heaven of the future, golden and bright,  
Arches above them—God guards the right!

But oh for the meeting to come one day,  
When the spirit slips out of its house of clay;

When the standers-by, with a pitying sign,  
Shall softly cover this face of mine;

And I leap—whither, ah! who can know?  
But onward, onward, as spirits must go—  
Until eye to eye, without fear, I see  
God, and my lost, as they see me.

HUMAN NATURE IN A WATER CURTAIN.

While a preceding chapter was being written, seated at the same table and reading by the same lamp, was one of the fair helpers of the Cure.

"And what is a helper?" do you ask. Not a "servant," for none are employed on the premises. Not a mere "hired girl" nor a "work-woman," nor even an "employee" nor a "kitchen girl" nor a "dining-room girl" nor a "waiter," but a *Helper*, in the fullest acceptance of the term.

She is one of half a dozen of the family who at certain hours are helpers in the dining-room. She has been here for two years—came from Northern Vermont. Her parents and family reside there now. Her mother—a noble woman—and younger brother, were here to see her a few weeks since. They must have been proud of her. We all are.

When she first came, nearly two years since, she could scarcely walk up the hill, though a Green Mountain girl. Now, but few can do more work; certainly none more faithfully. She is in charge of the large Dining Hall where hundreds eat daily. Yet I have seen her many hours with book in hand when the afternoon session is done. She is to attend the Seminary this winter.

For weeks past, she has been reading aloud for the benefit of one whose eyes failed him five years since. Though he is fast regaining their use, he is wisely careful of them for the present. Hence he is helped with other's eyes to see. She has been reading "Tom Brown at Oxford" to the no small delight of her hearer, who rolls with laughter, as he lies on the lounge in the shady corner. "School Days at Rugby" was completed some time since. Is not this kind of her, after the day's work is finished, coming down the hill in the rain, and climbing it again in the rain and dark, alone? The rosy health is on her cheek now, and the light of young girlhood in her eye—growing young daily as the result of helping others, ever so kindly.

A professional gentleman from one of our beautiful inland cities, saw her at one of the Social Entertainments held in the Chapel two weeks since. He was occupying with a friend, one of the side seats, as he saw this helper-girl (bless her) step up in all the frankness and native artlessness of her young womanhood, and ask one of the humblest there to be her partner, an honor the most prominent gentleman in the room would have coveted. It was a sight new to him, and he exclaimed in surprise:

"Well, now, if I am not paid for coming!—Never saw that done before! But it's all right. I've learned a good lesson. But who is she?"

"Miss —, from New England."

"Well, she has the healthiest glow on the cheek I have seen for many a year. Not one girl in a thousand would compare with her in native grace and beauty," was his reply.

"Don't you wish now you had come to our table, instead of eating at the hotel table?" we asked.

"Why so? what has that to do with this splendid young lady?"

"She is one of our Helpers in the dining-room. There are several more there."

"I do not wonder that you sit at a table an hour or more. I believe should enjoy it too."

"Yes, you would, for most of the girls are real Helpers, and not simply hired girls, or those who help because they are obliged to. They wait on us as members of the same family."

"Well," exclaimed he again, "I do wish parents knew how to bring up girls; that families knew how to treat them; and society would abolish its fashions which are crushing out the natural woman. If this is a specimen of what you can do to make a woman beautiful, you deserve to prosper."

Truly has she, and others, learned the real secret of benefiting themselves. They help themselves by helping others. Hence they grow towards true womanhood. In health they improve; their heads are clear; their hearts are light; their blood is pure; and nervous calm and steady; for they live on a plane far above the selfishness of common society. Recognizing each and every one as members of the same family, they are treated as such, and there goes out from each grateful heart, thankfulness for all such kindnesses, and from every overflowing soul magnetism that invigorates, makes alive, and builds up the worthy recipients. Can such an one pass through the Eating Hall, with her heart and hands full of help for the hungry in body or soul, and not receive back, from the two hundred seated there, that which blesses the whole being—body and soul?—*Loves of Life.*

## WOMAN IN THE EAST.

Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone of Michigan, who is traveling in Syria with a party of young American ladies, gives the following graphic account of the condition of women in the Orient:

There is nothing in all the Eastern country that makes me more sick at heart than the terrible abuse of animals that I everywhere see, except the neglect and abuse of little children, and the most wretched and degraded condition of women, who yet cling to their shame as their highest glory. "I no like the English," said the sheik, who conducted our party out to the pyramids of Sakara in Egypt, after he had been telling me about the English and American party, with whom he had encamped there for twenty days, who were making explorations. "I no like the English," "And why do you not like the English?" I asked. "Why, because the English, he have money, and the woman, his wife, she have money too; I no like the woman have money." "But don't your wife have money?" I asked, (for he had before told me how many donkeys he owned, and that he had two good houses in Cairo.) "No, no," he answered with a scornful laugh, "my wife no have money. I have the money."

"But don't your wife sometimes go to market and to the bazars to buy things that she wants?" "No, no," he said, more scornfully still, "my wife go not out of the house, she wear veil, she cover her face to buy what she wants." Pursuing the subject, I asked, "And why does your wife wear a veil?" "O, cause she shame," he answered. "My wife is my shoe," is the maxim of marital authority in this country; "haven't I a right to kick off my shoe or do whatever I please with it?" And the great difficulty in doing anything for these poor creatures is, that it is the women themselves who are the most opposed to any change. And so said the sheik, closing all his sentences with "My wife is satisfied."

## WOMAN'S EQUALITY.

The remedy proposed for the Social Evil—so-called—in a speech made by A. G. Riddle, Professor of Law in the University at Washington, before the mass meeting of the Woman's Club, on the subject above referred to, is the elevation of woman to an equality with man. He goes over and through the whole subject, until now daintily eschewed in public by those who are most familiar with it in private, and comes at last to the conclusion that "If you would redeem woman, if you would redeem man from the greatest curse of the earth, release woman from bondage, place her upon an equality with man, and the brothel vanishes." The manner in which he handles this question is at once delicate and courageous, discreet and bold. Speaking of the evil itself, that so fatally infects modern society, he justly observes that "None visits upon its votary such awful consequences as that of sensual license. When once a man falls under the sway of this passion, it subordinates all the elements of his nature to its purpose. Intellect, instinct, ambition, aspiration, physical energy, and vitality are all corrupted and made to minister to its appetites. He lives but for one purpose; restraint, morality, and religion are less than names. God vanishes from the heavens, and his soul perishes within him. For him woman performs but one office." And he adds most appropriately:—"Do not say to me that woman, through any sin, can fall below man;

and if there can remain in his elements that claim sympathy and tolerance, how much more should we hope to seek for them in the persons of his victims."

This is humane and sensible, and goes to the heart of the discussion. As for introducing the European regulations for making vice safe, instead of seeking to correct it at its source, viz., the heart of man, the speaker scents it as cowardly and base; yet, if it is to be done, it consents to turn away his face in disgust while the proposed stringent statutes are impartially applied to both sexes alike. He would have them treated equally. In no way would he have it implied the woman is to be kept subordinate in vice, however she may be placed socially. In point of fact, he insists that the whole evil lies or originates in the inequality, of one entire sex to the other; and he solemnly declares that "until this is changed, until they occupy a common plane with equal rights and equal freedom, so long this evil will curse the human race." It is quite true, too, as he remarks, that "the vulgar and depravity of the average male mind is wholly incomprehensible to the pure mind of woman, as her purity is incomprehensible to him." But her release from social thralldom will change all that. In the hopes of eradicating so deep-seated an evil as that which has its life in sensual indulgence, it is well worth the while to make the experiment of enfranchising woman, that she may deal with it as her sad experience suggests. Man will then find the conditions entirely changed.

## OFFICIAL SINS.

The following is taken from the New York Standard for March 28, and coming from such high authority as that of a City Recorder may well be termed

A STARTLING ACCUSATION.—GIRLS TAKEN FROM RANDALL'S ISLAND FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES.

In Recorder Purcell's court, Long Island City, yesterday, Ida Ziller, Clara Hall, Jane Sheehan and Mary Beeson were arraigned as escaped prisoners from Randall's Island. The Recorder ordered them sent back.

They told shocking tales of cruelty and ill-treatment. Ida said she believed the keepers to be in collusion with Harlem men, who very now and then came with boys and took one or two away. This occurred particularly on the Sabbath. She said she had been taken to Berrian Island, and grossly outraged. She claimed to have been a vicious girl previous to her father's ill-treatment, and as the result of a conspiracy she was sent to the island.

All of them told similar stories. Mary Beeson was thrown overboard for resisting an outrage on her person. One of the men who took her from the island is known to some of the keepers.

The Recorder told the reporter that women were outraged shockingly, and that the authorities made no attempt to prevent it. On recent occasions when he had sent escaped prisoners back, the keepers had refused to receive them, saying they "had enough of the things."

When poor girls are not safe locked in jail, verily there is need either of a reformation or a revolution. Some women, at least, have reason to desire a change, when city officials refuse to them even the miserable asylum of a prison, which they have earned by their crimes, or, more probably by those of the male prostitutes who have betrayed them, for whom there is no punishment at present.

GIRLS, DON'T TALK SLANG.—Girls, don't talk slang. If it is necessary that any one in the family should do that, let your big brother, though I would advise him not to adopt "pigeon English" when there is an elegant systematized language that he can just as well use. But don't you do it. You have no idea how it sounds to ears unused or averse to it to hear a young lady, when she is asked if she will go with you to some place, answer "Not much!" or if requested to do something which she does not wish, to hear her say, "Can't see it."

Not long ago I heard a young miss, who is educated and accomplished, in speaking of a young man, say that she intended to "go for him" and when her sister asked her assistance at some work she answered "Not for Joe."

Now, young ladies of unexceptionable character, and really good education, fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness to answer back in slang phrases, and they soon slip daintily from their tongues, with a saucy pertness that is neither lady-like nor becoming. "I bet" or "you bet" is well enough among men who are trading horses or land; but the contrast is startling and positively shocking to hear those words issue from the lips of a young lady. They seem at once to surround her with

the rougher associations of man's daily life, and bring her down from the pedestal of purity, whereon she is placed, to their own coarse level.

## Woman's Memoranda.

The Pope dislikes gaudy attire in woman.

One of the tax collectors of Knoxville, Tenn., is a Miss Lucy Stevens.

The female students of Michigan University have organized a boat club.

Mrs. HORACE GREELEY and her two daughters are now at Angoulême, France.

MISS HARRIET COLFAX, sister of the Vice President, is not keeper of the lighthouse at Michigan City, Ind.

JENNY LIND's daughter is fourteen, and gives promise of being a second edition, vocally, of her mamma.

The public schools of Minnesota employ 1,515 male teachers, and 2,620 female teachers.

Bad cooking on the part of the wife is held by a Texas Judge to be good ground for divorce.

The State University of Michigan has conferred the degree of M. D., on Miss Helen W. Upjohn, of Kalamazoo.

QUEEN VICTORIA is now in the thirty-fourth year of her reign. She ascended the throne on the 21st of June, 1837.

At last accounts something like eleven American girls were in Italy preparing to become *prima donnas* in opera.

REV. DANIEL EBERLY, late President of Cottage Hill female seminary, York, Pa., has accepted the presidency of Oberlin, O., University.

MISS HOMER, the sculptress, was recently thrown from her horse, and dragged thirty yards, at Rome. Happily, however, her injuries were trifling.

A man in Oregon has sued his father and mother-in-law, on account of his wife having proved sickly and peevish, they having represented her, before marriage, to be cheerful and healthy.

It is reported that the widow of Richard Young, George Washington's overseer at Mount Vernon, is residing at Richmond, Va. The venerable lady is nearly a hundred years old.

The Emperor of China has sent four young Celestial damsels to be educated at Paris. When sufficiently conversant with European arts and sciences they are expected on their return to be able to instruct the rest of their countrywomen.

The crack composer of South Bend, Ind., is said to be Mrs. Augusta A. Miller. She learned to set type in her father's office at the tender age of thirteen, and not long ago a proof of her's of 9,000 ems had but two typographical errors.

A gentleman in Baltimore had been appointed to a third class clerkship at \$1,600 salary, but failed to pass the examination. His wife applied for it, and, more successful than he, received the appointment and performed the duties required.

Mrs. JOAQUIN MILLER is reported to be on the way from Oregon to the Eastern States for the purpose of entering the lecture field. She is reported to have intimated that she would do up her own domestic history in her lectures.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG made on Saturday night May 11th her first appearance, since her return to England, at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, London, as Linda de Chamouni. The house was crowded, and the prima donna was repeatedly encoored. The newspapers speak well of her performance.

ROYAL ladies in Europe cannot govern their own health. The Empress of Russia suffers from gout and dropsy of the heart, the Empress of Germany is a victim of rheumatism, the Queen of Holland is subject to frequent fits of hysteria, the Queen of England is a confirmed invalid, and the Queen of Denmark is deaf.

MISS CLEMENTINE LASAR, who recently made a very successful debut in a concert in Steinway Hall, has been engaged as leading soprano at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, from the 1st of May. She is the daughter of the pronounced radical, and well-known musician, Mr. Sigismund Lasar, of New York City.

THE New York World devotes a couple of columns to "Women in Journalism," sketching the lives of Jane Swisshelm, Emma Brown, Laura Redden, Nellie Hutchinson, Middle Morgan, Sara Hubbard and Margaret Buchanan. It also mentions Paulina Wright Davis, Fanny Fern, Gail Hamilton, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Helen Hunt, Mrs. Whitney, Mary Clemmer Ames and Grace Greenwood.

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cordially commend THE GOLDEN KEY to the perusal of all spiritualist readers, promising them profit and pleasure in its glowing pages. To the story, Miss Pease has appended five of her own characteristic poems.—*Banner of Light.*

## The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE. EDITOR.

From the Atlantic Monthly for May.  
THE SEWING MACHINE.

A strange vibration from the cottage win-

dow

My vagrant steps delayed,

And half abstracted, like an ancient Hin-

do,

I passed beneath the shade.

What is, I said, this unrelenting humming,

Louder than bees in spring?

As unto prayer the murmurous answer com-

ing.

Shed from Saldanham's wing.

Is this the sound of unimpeded labor,

That now usurps play?

Our harsher substance for pipe and labor,

Gitters and virelay?

Or, is it yearning for a higher vision,

By spiritual hearing heard?

Nearer I drew to listen with precision,

Detecting not a word.

Then peering through the pane, as men of

sin do,

Myself the while unseen,

I marked a maiden seated by the window,

Sewing with a machine.

Her gentle foot propelled the tireless

treadle.

Her gentle hand the seam;

My fancy said, it were a bliss to peddle

Those shirts, as in a dream!

Her lovely fingers lent to yoke and collar

Some imperceptible taste;

The rural swain, who buys it for a dollar,

By beauty is embraced.

Oh! fairest aspect of the common mission!

Only the Poet sees

The true significance, the high position

Of such small things as these.

Not now doth Toil, a brutal Romances,

Deform the maiden's hand;

Her implement its soft sonata merges

In songs of sea and land.

And thus the hum of the unspooling cot-

ton,

Blent with her rhythmic tread,

Shall still be heard, when virelays are for-

gotten.

And troubadours are dead.

## LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS.

## CHAPTER XII.

"I'm glad mother is telling us a story about poor people," said Ben. "I don't care for reading about rich folks all the time, when more than one half of the world is poor. Come mother, tell us about Robert; What became of him?"

"His father found him on the dock, in a seaport town, among the shipping; he was sound asleep on the dock; his father shook him, and poor Robert awakened to see his angry face above him. He had eaten nothing for two days. His father bought him a penny roll of bread, and then together they walked home—twelve miles. Poor Robert was tied, in the little back room, to the bed-post with a rope, and fed on bread and water. On the third day Sammie, with one of the table knives hidden under his smock, went to Robert and said as he cut the rope in two, 'There, do as you like.' With a leap and a bound Robert was soon through the window, into the private grounds; and off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"His uncle came; and after many talks it was decided that no more work must be neglected to find Robert; and when the uncle was leaving in his wagon he decided that if Robert was his boy he would send him to the sea, and make a sailor of him."

"Poor Robert," said Ray.

"One night about twelve o'clock, Robert's father found him again; and found him asleep on a rock over a baker's oven. He was brought home and tied up again; but this time without his clothes. Robert was a real jolly happy sort of a fellow. He took his imprisonment very cheerfully; ate his dry bread, and drank his cold water with quiet jokes, said in a low voice to his little brothers and sisters, who visited him most of the time, 'See my nice ginger cake; he would say 'come and have a bite,' or 'come and taste my beer, it is real good,' and then they would laugh quietly together.

"Sammie, silent, reading Sammie, I suppose, did not approve of his brother being a prisoner; if he did, he took care never to say so; but one noon when all had gone to the door to see the antics of a traveling monkey with an organ grinder, Sammie laid down his book, opened the

drawer in which were Robert's Sunday clothes, took them out, and threw them into the back room, without saying a word; then resumed his book and his three-legged stool. Of course nobody suspected Sammie, and it was a great wonder, a great mystery, how Robert had got his Sunday suit out of the drawer. Again Robert was found asleep, but in a wagon this time, and in the middle of the night, and was brought home in his father's arms. Poor boy! he had been so tired and sleepy that he never awoke till the next morning. When he opened his eyes, his mother was sitting on his bedside. He looked up and smiled, and his mother kissed him on his forehead, for she loved her boy.

"What is to be done my lad?" she said.

"Give me a trade, mother," he said. "I will not go to that factory again. I want to be a painter."

Just then his uncle and aunt had arrived, and had walked into the house without being heard.

"The runaway at home," said his aunt. "What makes you run away, Robert, my boy?"

"I want a trade," said Robert. "I want to be a painter."

"Send him to sea," said his uncle. "No, no; if he wants to be a painter, then a painter he shall be," said his aunt. "I will agree to clothe him well for four years, and give his mother three shillings every week if they will let the boy learn a trade."

"That night there was a happy family, I assure you. Robert promised that when he had learned his trade, then his sister Anna should leave the factory and learn dress-making; that Sammie and Henry should learn trades, and he would provide for his father and mother in their old age; that they should never go to the poor-house, but be real independent folks; and they laughed and talked merrily. His father turned on his chair, moved up and down; looked at the bird-cage, and at the happy faces of his children; shrugged his shoulders and laughed his boyish laugh many and many a time.

"That week Robert was sent to the business of house painter, and bound for seven years."

"That was a long time," said Ben.

"Yes, but that is the English way. A boy must learn but one trade, and must be thorough at that."

"Oh! there never was a happier boy or a prouder boy than Robert, with his paint and paint brush."

"And now I must tell you the story of the waiter that stood on the mantle piece. All at once it disappeared, and nobody knew how; but after many talks it was decided that somebody had stolen it; which was a fact, for Robert had stolen it, and hidden it near the stone bridge in the country. Every Sunday morning Robert disappeared and spent the day with his mother's waiter. With paints and brushes he was busily at work making a beautiful picture on the back of the waiter.

"The stone bridge with its two arches, the stream of water which it spanned, a meadow in which were two cows grazing, and a small farmhouse in the distance, were being transferred to his mother's tin waiter."

"Robert was an artist," said Ben.

"He was grand," said Ray.

"I like him," said Dorie.

"So do I," said Dr. Howe, who had come into the sitting room, and while he had been pretending to read, was all the time listening to the story. "You seem to like that story better than the Bible," said the doctor.

"So we do. Go on mother, please," said Ray.

"Well, at last the picture was finished. Robert held it up, and looked at it with great satisfaction, and thought of the surprise he would give the folks at home. With the waiter under his arm he walked along rapidly for a while; he had four miles to go; then all at once he stood still and took another good view of his picture. He looked at the sun sinking in the west, and slowly, very slowly, wended his way home.

"It was quite dark when he reached the foot-bridge over the mill dam

near his mother's house. For a moment he stood on the bridge, then quick as thought, hid the waiter under one of the poplar trees, and hastily ran to the house. Nobody was at home. All had gone for a walk under the poplar trees, that extended at least two miles along the side of the dam. The waiter was at once brought into the house, and put in its old place on the mantel-piece; only reversed, so as to show the picture.

"When all had returned, and the fire was stirred so as to burn up brightly, and when the candle was lit, then all eyes fell on the picture. What did it mean? How beautiful! how pretty! how nice! Who had done it? The mother soon saw who had done it, for there stood her boy Robert in the middle of the floor without saying a word, but only listening to their exclamations.

"Bless your heart, my lad," she said to him, "you painted the picture." To and fro, up and down, went his father on his chair; up to the bird-cage went his eyes, and then to his lad Robert, while he again and again laughed his pleased boyish laugh, and exclaimed, "Well done my lad! well done my lad! well done my lad!"

"Robert became a rich man; I ought not to have told you that yet, but he never felt happier than he did at that moment."

"If they had kept him working in the factory," said Ben, "he could never have shown his talent."

"Every child should learn that for which nature has fitted him," said his mother. "Many a talented boy and girl have been crushed in factory life, and by being compelled to do that which they hated and despised."

"That is so, mother," said Frank, "most people think their children can be made doctors, lawyers, preachers, artists, or anything else they please; and the consequence is, that hardly anybody is working at that for which nature made them; hardly anybody is doing that which they love to do; and so work goes hard because it is done just for a living, and not from choice."

"You are right, Frank," replied his mother, "and I am very desirous that my children should choose their own course in life. Your father and I only hope to develop each of you, and not make you anything. But it is very difficult for people to do justice to their children when they can scarcely earn sufficient to keep soul and body together."

"It was considered a wonderful thing that this family could give their boy Robert a trade. They felt as if they were making him a gentleman; and so they were; a far better gentleman than the wealthy man who can only give his boys and girls money, but never make the least effort to develop, or bring out their best powers or talents."

"Oh! if we could only give all our boys a trade, a trade they would like," said this father and mother very often, "we would ask no greater blessing. If I could see my boys good mechanics," said his father, "I would be content to go to the poor-house, when I can work no longer; for I would then know that my children could never come there."

"They seem to have been afraid of the poor-house all of the time," said Ben.

"Oh, yes. In the manufacturing districts of England, the poor can only just live by working every day; and they know well that they can never have a home of their own, or save money; and if sickness arises, or they live to old age, the poor-house is their only refuge. Oh! the terrible poor-house, where parents are separated from each other and both from their children!"

"There must be a great many poor people in England," said Vicie.

"Yes, the poor are very poor; and the wealthy are very wealthy. All the land in England is owned by a few gentlemen; and working people can never own one acre of land."

"But now I must tell you about another uncle of this family, Mrs. Langstaff's sister's husband. He was a shoemaker and what was called an infidel. He did not believe that the Bible was the word of God, and he did not believe in a God. He

was a very comical fellow; full of fun, always ready with a joke. He hated his shoemaking business, and could not make enough by it to live. But his father and mother, who were farmers, sent him flour, bacon, cheese and butter, and so he managed to get along. As he beat his leather with his hammer, however, he merrily said:

"Old Job Johnson had a gray mare, And he want of shoes her feet went bare."

"Sometimes on Sunday afternoon he would visit his sister-in-law, Mrs. Langstaff."

"Do you have a good sermon to-day?" he asked on one of these visits.

Mrs. Langstaff replied as she always did:

"Yes, the very best sermon I ever heard in my life."

"Do you have plenty of hell fire and damnation?"

"No, reply but a laugh from the children."

"O did he talk about that greatest God of all, who gets nearly everybody that dies into his regions, called hell? Oh, he is a handsome God! a really, canning old chap, that has outwitted the other God completely. I tell you, his world, that you call hell, must be a fine place. All the poets are there, all the philosophers, all the wise people, and all the wide-awake happy folks. It is only the poor, simple, cringing, whining cowards, that go to the other place."

"Don't talk so, John, before the children," said Mrs. Langstaff, but she smiled as she said this.

"What matter," he replied. "The children might as well begin to think now as any other time. Did you ever see the devil, children?"

"That made them all laugh. 'I've seen the picture of the devil, with apitch-fork,' said Robert."

"Buidid you, any of you, ever see the red old chap?"

"None," said every one.

"I've seen him," he replied, with a serious face. "You need not laugh; I saw him yesterday pass my house in a cab and six horses; a driver in front and a footman behind. I saw his horns, his hoofs, and his tail. I did—a long tail—that he switched out of the carriage window as he passed. Now don't you believe me? You laugh as if you did not."

"Tel us the name of the devil," said Sammie, who had been looking at his uncle from his three-legged stool and holding his Natural History book on his lap.

"His name is Lord somebody, I don't know what, that lives off the poverty of us poor folks. He lives in a fine castle; has liveried servants, horses, carriages, silver plate, and nothing to do. Ah, he is the prince of devil; and I call him Lord Devil. Men who live as he does; who oppress the poor; who make them work as long as they can; and only pay you enough to keep you from starvation are the really devils there are."

"That's so," said Sammie, "I hate tyrants."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his father rather sternly.

"But their uncle remarking that he had a great respect for the brimstone devil," set them all laughing.

"We won't talk any more about the brimstone devil," he said. "Let us talk about your God. You believe that God can do anything don't you?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Langstaff.

"And you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes."

"Now listen to your Bible and what your God says: Behold, I am the Lord God; there is nothing too hard for me? In another place it says, with God all things are possible. Now listen to a little more of this holy word of God: (Judges, I:19.) And the Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountains; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron. You see your God was beaten because he had not learned how to master or conquer chariots of iron; I suppose he had never seen any before. They were probably a new invention about which this God of yours knew nothing."

"Mrs. Langstaff did not reply, and so there came an end to their talk and to this chapter of the English story."

"O!" said Ben, "God had not posted himself about the chariots of iron, that the people in the valleys had been making, and so he found that he could not drive the people out. Oh, what a God that Bible God is! he did not know much, else he would have taught the people living in the mountains how to make fighting his battles, how to make chariots of iron, and steam engines, and cannon, and six shooters; but, better still, if he had been a God worth anything, he would have taught them not to fight and kill men, women and children. Oh, I do think the Bible God, nothing but a God-butcher."

"What a boy you are, Ben!" said his father.

"Yes, father, and I mean what I say. The Bible proves it."

NOT IN VAIN I WAITED.

BY JOHN BROWDER.

She was but a child, a child, And I a man grown;

Sweet she was, and fresh and wild, And I thought, my own.

What could I do? The long grass growth, The long way down with a murmur on;

The why and the wherefore of it all who knoweth?

Ere I thought to lose her she was grown— and gone.

This day or that day in warm spring weather,

The lamb that was tame will yearn to break its tether.

"But if the world would then," I said, "come back to me."

Down in the dell wishing—wishing, wishing for thee."

The dew hangs on the white may, Like a ghost it stands,

All in the dusk before day That folds the dim lands;

Dark fell the skies when once belated, Sad, and sorrow-fated, I missed the sun,

But wake heart and sing, for not in vain I waited.

O clear, O solemn dwelling, lo, the maid is won!

Sweet dew dry early on the grass and clover,

Least the bride wet her feet while she walks over;

Shine to-day, sunbeams, and make all fair to see;

Down the dell she's coming—coming, coming with me."

KEEPING PLACES.

There are thousands of young men and women seeking for employment in city and country. On inquiry it will be found that they have had places, but have left them; and many times, before they can get another situation their money is expended, and then the temptation is strong to fall into evil practices, which too often end in disease, disgrace and crime. It rarely happens that a person is discharged from employment without cause, for employers are averse to change, and often keep persons who have glaring faults and defects rather than risk getting worse ones. It often happens that worthy and exemplary persons are dismissed for shortcomings of which they are entirely unconscious, and only need their attention to be called to the subject, to have them promptly rectified. To that vast multitude of persons who work for others, the following suggestions are made:

1. Whatever you attempt, let it be done in the very best manner possible, and each subsequent time try to do it better than before.

2. Be at more pains to do a thing well than to do it quickly.

3. When you are asked to do a thing, do it cheerfully and promptly.

4. Do whatever is required of you, whether it is in the line of your particular duty or not.

5. Act always in the interest of your employer as far as is right.

6. Do what you see is wanting to be done, without waiting to be asked to do it.

7. Never say "forgot it," that is insult added to injustice, for it really means that you "did not care."

8. Never stop when you have done a thing which you were told to do, if by doing more, you can do it more perfectly.

9. Never refuse to lend a helping hand in emergencies.

10. Aim to do for your employer as well as you would do for yourself, in all things.

A strong reason for attending to these suggestions is, that your employer pays you your wages to the very last cent, and in whatever small respect you fail of your duty to him, you fail of compensation to him for the money paid you.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FUN IN THE FAMILY.—What a

healthful thing to have one jolly person in the house, ready to laugh at anything ludicrous, or even to create sport at any time! There are enough to reflect on the sad time of life, and its sober side. We need one or more

to show the mirth that often trembles just below the surface of painful things. A real impetuous laugh dissipates many illusions, sweeps the twilight out of imaginations, and brings honest daylight. But it must be real—no dry, hacking laugh. It should be spontaneous, out-bursting, irresistible, infectious. We have seen men fall to laughing who had not heard the cause of mirth, but had only caught the contagion of other men's laughing. It is hard not to laugh with men who are in earnest about it.

## Pleasantries.

*Puzzles*, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

A LITTLE boy embodied his thoughts on theology in words thus: "I don't see how the devil turned out so bad when there was no other devil to put him up to it."

"Oh, sir," said a woman pleading for her husband, who was before the police judge for beating her with a poker, "he wasn't always that way. There was a happy time when he only struck me with his fist."

HELPING ZEKIEL.—Daniel Webster was fond of telling a good story of his boyhood. His father, on going from home one morning called his two boys to receive directions for the day.

"Zekiel," said he, addressing the elder brother, "don't forget to hoe the potatoes."

"No, sir," said Zekiel.

"Daniel," continued the father "be sure and help Zekiel."

After the father was gone, the two boys busied themselves so eagerly about other matters, that the potatoes were forgotten. At evening the father called for an account of the day's work.

"Well, Zekiel, what have you been doing?"

The boy was ashamed of his idleness, and with drooping head and eyes cast down, faltered slowly, "Nothing, sir."

But Daniel was equal to the emergency, and when the same question was put to him, answered promptly, "Just what you told me, sir, helping Zekiel."

It hardly need be added that this ready wit saved both boys a lecture; and perhaps something worse.

GOING AS FREIGHT.—Some years ago a son of the Emerald Isle, in the city of Portland, Me., accosted the captain of a steamer flying between that city and Boston to inquire the fare to Boston, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Good-mornin', captain. Could ye be affther tellin' me what's the fare to Boston?"

"Three dollars," answered the captain.

"But suppose I want outside?"

"In that case," said the captain, "you can go for two dollars."

This was beyond the extent of Pat's worldly possessions, so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments, when a bright thought seemed to strike him.

"I say, captain, what would ye be affther takin' a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"Seventy-five cents," replied the captain.

"Thin ye may put me down, captain, for I'm just the boy that weighs that!"

The captain turned to the clerk, saying, "Put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of live Irishman, and stow him in the hold."

SUFFERED ENOUGH.—Office-holders don't think it requires great self-denial and sacrifices to accept positions of trust, well-paid under the government. It might be well for the people, if they would look at it sometimes in the light, like the Mississippi voter, who once "took down" Gen. Zuitman, when, as candidate for Governor, he was pleading that his sufferings in the Florida and Mexican wars entitled him to the gratitude of the people.

"Fellow-citizens,—I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped to whip the Mexicans and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood."

Just about this time one of the "sovereigns," who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him with,—

"Did you say you had fount the Mexicans and Injins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"I did."

"Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?"

"Yes," replied the speaker, exultingly.

"Well, then," said the tearful citizen, as he gave a sigh of pent-up emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow, for you done enough for your country."

